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THE GREEN CALDRON

THE GREEN CALDRON is published each September and February by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, may be published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON are Rosemarie Abendroth, Lorne Forstner, Donald Rude, Melvin Storm, and Jeremy Wild, editor.

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PUBLISHED BY THE R. F. COLWELL PRINTING CORP.
CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

THE GREEN CALDRON

**A MAGAZINE OF
FRESHMAN WRITING**

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Volume 37, Number 1
September, 1968
University of Illinois

The Contributors

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Max J. Harvey—Centennial H.S., Champaign

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Duane Meyer—Durand H.S.

Sam P. Moreno—Alleman H.S., Rock Island

The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes
in the May issue of THE CALDRON:

First: *Andrea Een*, Modern Man and the Myth of Sisyphus

Second: *Polly Mayland*, What You Need Is Something Stronger Than Scotch Tape

Third: *Joanne Malrine Chester*, October 21, 1967

Fourth: *Gary J. Miller*, Through Others

Fifth: *Michael Kolbuk*, The Despair of Irony

A Land Without Pretzel—Benders

SUSAN FITZHENRY

Rhetoric 108

THOUGH THE SOCIETY PRESENTED IN THOMAS MORE'S *Utopia* is undoubtedly a marked improvement over that of More's contemporary England, it is not the best of societies. To perpetuate itself, Utopia must suppress individualistic tendencies, for in individualism there is change—of habits, of ideas, of societies. And so the individual Utopian is lost. Like a dairy cow among many dairy cows sharing an island meadow, he occasionally raises his head to blink out at the world, then returns to his grass. He owns nothing, not even himself. His life and that of his children and that of his children's children belong to Utopia, as does the food he eats, as does the roof over his head, as does the land upon which he walks. He does not—he cannot—question the system.

The Utopian process of destroying the image of the individual begins with a dissociation of identity from the family unit. People are shuffled about Utopia in much the same manner as the dairy cows are transferred from one pasture to another: number and circumstance dictate the necessity. No country household may have fewer than forty citizens.¹ No city household may have fewer than ten or more than sixteen (p. 37). No city may have more than six thousand households. If there are too many children in one household, they are transferred to another (p. 37); if the household trade is not suitable for a particular child, he is transferred elsewhere (p. 34). When there is too great an increase in population, citizens must establish a colony off the island; when there is too great a decrease, they must return (pp. 37–38).

Next, the concept of physical individuality is, as far as possible, expunged. Everyone wears similar clothing and lives in a three-story stone house (p. 32). Every house has a door to the garden and a door to the street (p. 31). Every street has fifteen households on one side and fifteen households on the other side and a great public hall at the end (p. 39). Every city is as nearly as possible like every other city on the island.

Not only the physical environment is controlled. Explicit and implicit laws define the limits of individual behavior.

The list of explicit laws, the legal structure of Utopian society, is formidable. No man shall consult with other men about public affairs outside the senate or people's assembly (p. 33). No man shall be derelict in his work or idle or wanton in his leisure (p. 34). No man shall travel in Utopia without a passport from his prince; no man shall walk in neighboring fields without the consent of both his wife and father (p. 41). No man shall have an illicit affair before marriage; no man shall commit adultery (pp. 58–59).

No man shall "sink so far below the dignity of human nature as to think that the soul dies with the body, or that the universe is carried along by chance without an over-ruling providence" (p. 72). No man shall present heretic opinions to the people (pp. 72-73).

In addition to this legal structure, there is an unwritten system of precedents for making moral judgments, a system which has been passed from one generation to the next since the time of King Utopus almost two thousand years before. This set of criteria, which extends into all phases of Utopian life, together with the laws, is the basis for Utopian "right reason": it is good to work at a trade six hours a day, exemplary to work longer, and bad to be idle (p. 34); it is good to take care of natural beauty, bad to use artificial aids (p. 60); it is good for a man's family to follow him to a battleground, bad for a spouse to survive a spouse or a son to survive a father (p. 67); it is good to eat with three hundred to four hundred eighty other citizens of the syphogranty in the public hall, improper to eat at home (p. 39); it is good to enjoy the pleasures condoned by Utopian "right reason," bad to indulge in those pleasures which are not condoned (pp. 49-51); it is good to be a citizen of Utopia; it is unfortunate to be anything else.

If a man wants nothing more of his life than to be well-fed and well-regulated, Utopia is his paradise. For as long as he functions within the boundaries established by these social, physical, legal, and moral codes, for as long as he is content not to look beyond the Utopian limits, the man's life will be frictionless. And Utopia will be a nation of heavy-limbed peasants—well-fed and well-regulated, yes, but tied to the ground, bound to their little island.

As in the Islamic Ottoman Empire, as in the Confucian Chinese Empire, Utopian cultural progress is hindered, limited, by the perpetuation of a system of thought. Though the time does inevitably come when one system of thought is pushed aside and replaced by one which better fits into the larger pattern of thought developing in the world as a whole, until that time each innovation must battle for a place in an antique world. "We are the greatest city, the greatest nation: nothing like us ever was."² The Ottoman Moslems outlawed the wearing of European clothing in Islamic cities and considered conquest of surrounding areas a more or less natural manifestation of the superior system of Islamic thought over the inferior system of the conquered land; the Utopians laugh at the Anemolian idea of splendor (p. 44) and drive natives who "will not conform to their laws" out of the areas Utopians claim for themselves as colonies (p. 38). Looking to the past and themselves becomes a habit. Like the Confucian dynasties, Utopia subordinates the younger generation and any views it might have to the older generation and a two thousand year old system of thought; time stands still. The mind becomes a locked cell: certain things may be introduced to it; certain things may not.

If two thousand years ago King Utopus decided there were to be no private

meetings, that there was to be no travel without permission, that there was to be no conception of the death of a soul or a universe without a Supreme Being, if for two thousand years it has been wrong to be idle, to eat privately, or to indulge in certain pleasures, what right has any Utopian to question? The proper Utopian thinks, yes; but he thinks thoroughly Utopian thoughts. He speaks, yes; but he speaks thoroughly Utopian statements. He reads, yes; but he reads thoroughly Utopian books. He is a man without self: his life is programmed; his thoughts are programmed.

Assuming that a Utopian does, because of contact with cultures outside his own or because of some chance incident, have a thoroughly un-Utopian thought in spite of his Utopian indoctrination, it does not mean that the individual has won out over the system. For any number of reasons he might begin to wonder what harm there could be in wearing a new style of clothing, why he should not have a cottage of his own, why he cannot walk without asking permission, why he need be so efficient all the time, why he should not question the life of the soul after death or the existence of a controlling being.

At any rate the heretic thought is conceived by a Utopian; he now has four alternatives: (1) he can repress or dismiss the thought simply because it is thoroughly un-Utopian; (2) he can leave Utopia; (3) he can take his un-Utopian thought to the elders; or (4) he can break the Utopian code by acting on his heretic thought. If he is successful in repressing the thought, it will die stillborn. If he leaves Utopia, the thought will not spread and contaminate the rest of the island. If he opts for the third choice, taking his thought to the Utopian elders, he can expect to talk with them until he is dissuaded from his madness: their sole intent, their only purpose for existing, is to show him the error of his way. If finally, unconvinced, he decides to break the Utopian code in favor of his heretic thought, the man can expect to be arrested and punished. Ultimately, if infractions are repeated and serious, he may be exiled, killed, or made a bondsman. His wayward thought cannot be allowed; he must be made an example for others who would think un-Utopian thoughts. It is in this way that a system like Utopia's can perpetuate itself intact. The individual with un-Utopian ideas is repressed.

But individuals cannot be judged by Utopian standards. The most necessary man is not always the most popular: Lincoln, when most needed, was not popular with a great many people. The most creative man is not always useful: Vachel Lindsay was a vagabond who sang for his supper. The wisest man is not always the most law-abiding: Socrates, Thoreau, and Gandhi broke of locked minds.

I remember reading once—I do not remember where—that all of mankind lives in a tremendous skyscraper. At the very top, thirty floors above the ground, is a small group of rare men—men like Socrates, Shakespeare,

Thoreau, Bach, Beethoven, Gandhi, Newton, Einstein, even More himself—who sit at their desks by the windows and bend beautiful pretzels. For days at a time they work diligently bending pretzels; and when they are done, they lean back in their chairs, take the pretzels in their hands, look at them for a moment, then toss them out the windows. Most of the floors under the thirtieth are completely empty. The next inhabited floors are the second and third stories from the ground. On these floors are lesser men than those on the thirtieth. They lean out the windows of the skyscraper with nets and catch the falling pretzels; they examine them to see what can be made of them. They use the knowledge gained from the pretzels in doing thoroughly useful things for the rest of humanity on the ground floor of the building. But that group of rare men on the top story of the skyscraper could be thought of as a thoroughly useless group of men: they are inefficient; they have no exact purpose in their work; they do not live by the same rules as the masses of people on the ground. For these reasons they have no place in Utopia for Utopia belongs to the efficient, purposeful masses. Utopia has not now, nor could ever have, pretzel-benders. They are not a part of the planned society.

FOOTNOTES

¹ Thomas More, *Utopia* (New York, 1949), p. 29. All subsequent references to this edition will be parenthetical.

² Carl Sandburg, "Four Preludes on Playthings of the Wind," *Complete Poems* (New York, 1950), pp. 183–84.

Zebca

MAX J. HARVEY

Rhetoric 101

THE TIME WAS MID-JULY AND THE WEATHER WAS PERFECT for a night at the Dubois County Fair. This was one of the big annual events in Huntingburg, a town of about five thousand, located in southern Indiana. My friend and I, both about fourteen years of age, left his house with two major objectives: to have fun, and to save as much of our scarce money supply as we could, both possible objectives if we used even the least amount of common sense.

We had been strolling around awhile when I became interested in one particular side show. This show had the usual Fair propaganda plastered on two large signs outside of a rather small, dingy tent. The signs claimed that Zebca, the wild girl, was so wild that no man had handled her and that she had to be kept in a cage at night. The real catching feature was that tonight, and tonight only, it would cost only one thin dime to be

admitted. My friend and I agreed that this particular side show seemed to fit our boyish imaginations and our boyish pocketbooks. We paid our dimes and marched inside the tent, although fully expecting to be greatly disappointed because of our past knowledge of the fair and its methods of making money.

Once inside the tent, we were confronted by a few other people staring disinterestedly into a small canvas arena about the size of a small room. Inside the arena, contrary to the signs, a form, clad only in dirty rags, lay huddled in a small clump. By the form lay the only other items in the pit: a coke bottle and a rubber hose about two feet in length. These I thought were just a part of the show as I was fairly certain the whole thing was a fraud, and that the thing in the pit was an ordinary female paid to look like a human being in an "advanced" state of degeneration.

The interest of my friend and I had about dwindled to nothing when a new arrival in the audience impelled us to stay a few minutes longer. His name, or at least the only one I had ever heard him called by, was Kelly, and he was one of the town's most notorious trouble-makers. Kelly was not content to stand quietly on the sidelines and watch a supposedly sleeping figure. He promptly began picking up little pieces of dirt and throwing them at the dirty form with a considerable amount of force, accompanying these efforts with a high shrill whistle, with which he was very proficient. The small form soon responded to these actions and I felt a strange chill when I saw the thing stir and slowly rise to a sitting position on her haunches. At this time I got my first good look at her. She was a young girl, probably about sixteen years of age. A large mass of matted, stringy hair cascaded down the sides of her head. Her face, a sickly white except for the smudges of abundant dirt, appeared as a blur and throughout my stay I was never able to bring her facial features into sharp focus. Her body was clad in an old, tattered, full-length dress that seemed to accentuate her ugly appearance, and she wore nothing on her feet.

By this time the antics of Kelly had become very annoying to the once quiet form and she now truly began to be Zebca, the wild girl. At increasingly frequent intervals she began to lunge out at the hand Kelly taunted her with, in much the same manner as a cornered cat lunges out at a dog. She seemed incapable of standing on two feet and simply moved on her hands and knees.

Meanwhile the commotion inside the tent was noticed on the outside. The tent began filling rapidly with people; some desired to share in the methods of Kelly and others just wanted to watch. The effects of the increased teasing made Zebca's wildness increase substantially. The rubber hose which had lain idly by her side now became a dangerous weapon with which Zebca swung wildly and viciously at the outstretched hands

and the peering faces. Once, she even took the coke bottle and flung it out into the audience, fortunately not hitting anyone. Some fool promptly threw it back into the pit. Conditions were now getting a little out of hand, forcing one of the Fair workers to come into the tent and restrain the crowd. This seemed fine with Zebca. I believe her attitude was that if they left her alone she would leave them alone.

Up until this time I harbored the thought that this whole thing was quite possibly a hoax. The next action of Zebca removed all remaining doubts from my mind. Zebca, in this quiet period, picked up the coke bottle and did something with it under her dress. At my age I was too young to know what she was doing, but I knew enough to know that it was somehow very undesirable and obviously not a characteristic of normal human behavior. The fair-hand had left and the crowd was again getting restless, but I had had enough. I left that tent with mixed emotions; possibly pity, maybe anger, but I knew that there was something vastly wrong, something I could sense but not understand.

As I look back on that night today, with more maturity and knowledge, I can recall vivid images; the filthy appearance of Zebca, the hard demeanor of the Fair people who put her in that pit, the taunting faces of Kelly and his bullies, and the large excited crowd crying out for action, and I ask myself one question: "Who were the *real* animals?"

Changing Status

CAROLYN BAECILE

Rhetoric 101

WRITING ASSIGNMENT: Discuss the classification systems you belong to and examine the ways in which they conflict.

THE BUS NOISILY PULLED AWAY FROM THE DEPOT where my parents were standing, waving as if they were losing me forever. I had never been more than a couple of hundred miles from home before, even with my parents, and now here I was, only eighteen, going from St. Louis, Missouri, to Tampa, Florida, about 1500 miles, alone. It was then six-thirty a.m. By twelve noon the next day, I was to reach my destination.

After the bus got onto open highway I took notice of my surroundings. There were only about ten people on the bus. I occupied the first seat. Across from me sat a neatly dressed Negro woman. We began conversing like any two strangers looking for friends.

The Negro woman was on her way home to Chattanooga, Tennessee, after a visit with her daughter in St. Louis. I noticed a trace of sadness in her voice when she told me this, as if she really did not want to go

home. Later, after my trip, I wondered about her reasons. Would she have liked to visit her daughter longer? Or did she want to remain in Missouri because of the racial trouble in her home state?

The Negro lady's daughter had packed her a large sack lunch; so when we came to our dinner stop she offered me some. As I ate it, I reflected on how nice it was to be on my own, treated by adults as an equal, and making friends with all sorts of people.

The sun shone brightly as we continued on from Indiana into Kentucky. The Negro woman got off at Louisville and the bus went on to Nashville, Tennessee. It had been filling up; now almost all the seats were taken.

It was near nightfall when we reached Nashville. Many people got on and off the bus here. A young man sat with me; later I found out that his name was Mike. From the moment he sat down he gave the Negroes cold, contemptuous looks. One Negro girl, apparently drunk, walked past our seat looking at us with glassy ice eyes and showing her gleaming yellow teeth. Mike looked at her disgustedly, his face turning hard and cruel. I noticed at this point that a division was taking place. No Negroes sat near the front of the bus anymore, and no whites ventured to the back. The night was cold and dark!

After the bus started on its way again, Mike and I began talking. It seemed that the ill-feelings and separation were just the beginning. This young man said just about anything could happen. He pulled out a switch-blade and then a gun to prove to me that I was safe with him. My mind, my body, felt defeated. I felt like a lost child, alone, helpless, and scared. Here I was, a white girl out of her home territory, an enemy to every Negro. Was I to trust Mike with his weapons, which supposedly were to protect us? Could I trust anyone?

As we talked on, the man asked where I was from. The moment I said I was from Illinois he called me a "damn Yankee." "The Yankees don't realize what the Negroes are like," he argued. I tried to explain the racial situation was two-sided, but I was a "Yankee" and "Yankees" just don't understand. I was also "female" and therefore more gullible in his opinion, more susceptible to misunderstanding such affairs.

It took us all night to get through Alabama; it was a nightmare of watching and praying nothing would happen. We reached Tallahassee, Florida, about eight in the morning; Mike got off there. My hopes came up along with the sun that morning. As we got deeper into Florida, the people on the bus, and everywhere, became more and more friendly. The division was gone. I was still female, but I had grown up again. I was still a Northerner but it did not matter anymore. A Japanese man who was sitting across the aisle asked me the time. It was ten-thirty on a beautiful Thursday morning.

A Contemporary Socratic Dialogue

LOUIS NIEPER

Rhetoric 102

DURING A RECENT DORM ROOM DISCUSSION, ONE OF THE participants revealed his anger toward the chiefs of state of our country. "You know, something that really ticks me off is all these guys sitting around in Washington making big plans for the war and here we sit hearing nothing of what they plan to do with our army, our money, and our lives. Not even the soldiers fighting the war know of any of the long-range plans of the military high command. They only find out about major operations a few weeks before they have to be carried out. The people of this country have just as much right to know what's going to happen in Viet Nam six months from now as the big brass do."

"So, you think that the government shouldn't censor its military strategies from the general public. Why do you think that the government should allow its plans to reach the general public?" I asked.

"Because the public has every right to know. After all, who's really fighting this war? Not those fat generals in their big, plush Washington offices. They're not out in the mud and heat and mosquitoes. They don't have to worry about staying alive from one day to the next. And there they are making all kinds of big plans and the guys who have to carry out those plans don't even know what's coming off until a short time before they have to go into action. We civilians also should be allowed to know what our government's plans are. It's our country, too. We've got plenty of right to know what the big brass plan to do with this country."

"Why don't we try to associate the problem with a comparable situation," I suggested. "Suppose you are the president of a company. Would you inform all of your employees of your future plans for mergers, contracts, changes in production, and other vital business operations of this nature?"

"No. I suppose not," he answered.

"I assume that your reason for not doing so is that if such information were spread among so many people there would be a good chance of competitors discovering your plans and foiling them."

"Yes, that's right."

"So, if you allow the knowledge of such information to be possessed only by the major executives of your company, you should have a much greater opportunity for success in your business ventures."

"I guess so."

"And, if you succeed, then everyone else in your company also shares the benefits of success. As a result of the closure of lucrative transactions, you are able to pay better wages and secure more company benefits for your employees."

"Yes," he said. "That's possible."

"So your employees will also profit because you didn't allow vital information to be possessed by more than just a few top executives. Right?"

"Yes. I guess that's right."

I continued, "In the same way then, the general public is benefited when the military chiefs of staff censor their plans as 'top secret'. If the number of people with extensive knowledge of military plans is kept to a minimum, there is a greatly decreased possibility that the enemy will gain access to such information. If the enemy is kept ignorant of our plans, our chance for victory is greater. When our military forces succeed, we civilians are repaid with the reassurance of life in freedom."

"Well, your analogy just happens to work," he said. "But let's see what you can do with *my* analogy."

"All right," I said, "let's hear it."

"Now, you're the head coach of a pro football team. You've got a championship game in three weeks. Naturally, you have your strategies all prepared. But, are you going to inform your players of your designs now or are you going to wait until a week before the game to tell them?"

"I will affirm my resolutions to them long before the contest in order that they will be best prepared."

"So," he said, "you just admitted that it is more beneficial if no vital plans are withheld from the players."

"Yes, that's correct," I admitted. "However, I would be withholding information from the general public."

"What does the public have to do with it?" he asked.

I answered, "The general public in your analogy would be any supporters of the team. A Green Bay Packers' fan buys a ticket to see the Packers win. If the Packers win, he will leave the stadium in high spirits. If they lose, he will probably not consider his purchase a very worthwhile and satisfying investment."

"That sounds like a typical football fan," he commented.

"However," I continued, "if I, the head coach, release all my plans and plays to the general public, it is obvious, I think, that it will be fairly easy for the opposing team to gain knowledge of them. Won't my chances for victory therefore decrease?"

"Yes."

"Consequently, the chances that Packers' fans, the public, will be satisfied will also decrease. Do you agree?"

"I have to agree," he admitted.

I finished by saying, "So, you must also agree, then, that censorship of future military plans from the public is, in fact, necessary and beneficial to the public."

"Yes," he answered. "I agree now."

Past and Present

DORIS KIRBY

Rhetoric 101

HOW HEARTWARMING IT IS TO WANDER BACK TO AN era never actually experienced and savor the wonderfulness of olden days through the eyes and keen recall of a great-grandfather such as mine. He was a tall, thin man with sparse hair—just a very gray rim of it left around his head at ear level. He wore a neatly trimmed moustache and his eyes were compelling ones of faded blue. My grandmother used to entertain me by recalling true experiences of incidents and accidents that he'd known in his life. I never tired of hearing his stories of homesteading in the West.

Great-grandfather staked out a claim on the wide plain near the future city of Greeley, Colorado. In those days any poor man could easily buy real estate, but he could not call it his own until he had established ownership by building a house on it, improving the land, and living there five years. (Millard Fillmore, as United States President, had signed great-grandfather's deed.) Great-grandfather began to build a "sod shanty." First, a hole was dug in the ground. Then, he plowed furrows of sod. "Bricks" were made by slicing the sod as it was plowed up. These squares were used as building material. Since the plants were left in the soil, the sides of the homes often bloomed when the light spring rains came. These sod shanties were cool in summer and warm in winter. To build the home required a certain amount of skill as sod was about the only material available off the land. The sun beamed down; there were no shade trees near; and all the family (including my grandfather who was then nine years old) chopped and cut away to help make the sod blocks so necessary for the cabin. It had two rooms—if such they could be called for they were small. The family lived in the covered wagon they came in until the new sod shanty was completed. At last, after weeks of back-breaking work and fingers grubby with soil under the nails, the home was finished with even a roof on! They moved in, and what pride they felt in ownership, and in their own strength, and endurance! The city dweller today lives in a home he bought secondhand because it is not of his own making. Nor can he feel any thrill in the woodwork, the paint, or the secure roof, because he had no part in conceiving it or building it with his own hands.

The family moved the scanty pieces of furniture from the wagon into the house. Great-grandfather was lucky in one respect. There was a well already on the land so his family did not have to dig that. He next

built a bank of dirt around the base of the home in order to doubly secure its foundation. That first spring was pleasant, except for the howling winds that burst upon them one day in early March and wailed and shrieked themselves out after many dusty, miserable, dark, and eye-watering days. My great-grandfather said the incessant blowing and noise of the wind during this period made one want to scream, "Stop! Stop!" Then one night he awakened and sat up in bed—something was wrong! He said he actually felt the hair on his scalp rise with fear when he realized what it was that woke him. He woke great-grandmother and together they "howled" with laughter; the wind had quieted, had actually stopped. Now, the stillness was as overpowering as the noise had been. The city dweller today inside his expensive apartment walls is hardly aware of the weather. How much he misses by lack of contact with change in the elements of nature.

When calm was restored, the sifted soil had to be cleaned out of the cabin. Great-grandmother fussed and cleaned for days, but she was really glad for a release from the tension. The city dweller today releases his tension with a few martinis!

The fuel gathering story always intrigued me; and I asked for this story over and over. The children were given the task of fuel gathering. After all the buffalo chips and stiff grass near the cabin had been collected, great-grandmother went for fuel this day as she predicted a storm and didn't think it was safe for the children to be so far from home. She used the skirt of her very full dress to put the buffalo chips in by gathering the hem and holding it near her waist. She wandered farther than she realized, and only became conscious of the extreme distance from the cabin and safety when she looked up and saw a small herd of buffalo charging at her. She quickly dumped her fuel, pulled her gathered skirt up above her shoulders, and began screaming and running directly toward the buffalo. Running against the wind filled her skirt and it billowed out like a ship in full sail. The bull leading the herd paused for a second, snorted at the billowing and fluttering apparition coming toward him—and veered off in another direction leading his galloping herd after him. Great-grandmother was shaking, but she had no intention of losing the fuel she so badly needed. She hastily scooped it into her skirt "basket" again and fled back to the safety of the cabin. A fuel problem today in most of America's homes is solved with a flick of the wrist and a push button that says "on."

Cattlemen were always frequent visitors and great-grandfather soon had all the work at the cabin under control to the point where he hired out to a rancher. Great-grandfather lived in the saddle, surveying the world from this height, day after day. In later years, he often said he'd

rather have been outdoors in the saddle than in an office chair—even the swivel kind.

That spring great-grandfather and the neighbor man discovered a clump of wild plums in bloom along Lone Tree Creek. They watched to see when they were ripe; and my great-grandmother and all the family went in the covered wagon across a dry river bed and spent the day on the opposite side. Blankets were spread on the ground; the plums were shaken down; the blankets were lifted and the plums placed in containers in the wagon. Then a picnic lunch was enjoyed before they started back across the river and home. Imagine their concern to find a churning river where the dry bed had been. The Lone Tree Creek was a raging stream and rising each minute. Great-grandfather and the neighbor man whipped up the horses and plunged into the stream. When they were almost across, the stream became too swift for the plucky team. The horses began to lunge and snort with fear. Great-grandfather, sensing the trouble, unhitched the harness and loosened the horses from the wagon. He rode off leaving the wagon in the stream. After getting the animals to safety on the bank, he quickly swam back and secured a lariat onto the wagon tongue. Then, from the bank, the calmed horses pulled the wagon to safety. Great-grandmother made delicious plum butter from the plums for a winter spread. Great-grandfather said he enjoyed remembering this story and said the plum butter was a welcome change in the plain diet they ate daily. The difficulty and danger in getting the fruit was a small price to pay for the rewards. How many of our children today enjoy picking luscious, finger-staining berries or even know the fields they are found in? The only work they know is getting the jars off the super-market shelves to replenish the family shelves at home.

Great-grandfather and my grandfather and his brother often cooked over a campfire and slept out under the stars. Many times as they drifted off to sleep they heard the coyotes howl. The constellations were studied and understanding of weather indications was a must. If you read the weather map of nature wrongly, you and your herd of animals might be soaked, "fried," or chilled to death. Today's businessman listens to a weather report on radio or television and is "underprivileged" in that he cannot read nature's weather map for himself.

My grandmother told me many tales of an interesting era that has now slipped away in time, never to return, except in memories. It is wishful thinking, but I'd like to have been there (in the middle to late 1800's) marching to the drumbeat of an emerging state, wrestling with the difficulties, overcoming the natural surroundings, and truly enjoying the simple things and the freedom of it all with my great-grandfather.

The Sandbox: Games Children Play

ROGER HEIDENREICH

Rhetoric 102

THE CHIEF, NAMED SO BECAUSE HE WAS THE OLDEST and biggest kid in the neighborhood, was playing by himself in his sandbox. He had many new trucks and men, since he had lost or damaged many of his old toys when his family moved. He prided himself on his ability to maneuver his toys despite the lumps in the sand, which always seemed to follow when he placed his hand or knee on his imaginary cities. In fact, he often got disturbed, because it seemed that the more he moved his toys, the rougher the sand became.

It was at this point in his play when a friend, Dick, appeared. The Chief was rather surprised to see Dick back so soon because a week ago Tuesday, Dick had been defeated in a battle (Dick's favorite game was to play soldiers), and had been so discouraged the rest of the kids thought he would never return. But there he was, ready to play again. He told The Chief he had a new battle plan, but he would not disclose it, thinking it best to save his secret for the battle itself. The Chief, curious to discover Dick's new plan, agreed to fight a battle with Dick, so he called up his soldiers, which he had been keeping to the side while he worked on improving his cities and roads, to meet the enemy on the sandy battlefield. This act he performed cautiously, trying not to disturb his newly constructed cities and highways. He found, however, that it was impossible to carry on a war without disturbing the cities and roads, so he decided that since the war with Dick was most important, he would destroy the work he had done previously, and concentrate entirely on his battle.

As the battle grew in intensity, another youngster, Gene, came to the sandbox. Gene had come with his trucks and houses, wanting to construct cities and highways and not wanting to play with soldiers. Almost immediately after Gene arrived, Bobby, one of The Chief's old friends, came with his trucks, tractors, and cars. The two, Gene and Bobby, decided to help one another in an attempt to persuade The Chief and Dick to convert the sandbox from a battleground to a city. The four could not reach an agreement to play the same game, but they did reach a compromise. Gene and Bobby received half of the sandbox in which to build cities and roads, while The Chief and Dick kept the other half for their battle. It was not long before the two groups, as children often do, began disagreeing on the division of their property. It seemed that Gene and Bobby often crossed the line and took sand from the other side to build their cities. Naturally, The Chief and Dick became disturbed at this act,

and in retaliation stepped up the intensity of their battle in an effort to show the other two how much fun their war was. This neither impressed Bobby or Gene, nor did it improve the state of their cities and roads or the state of the entire sandbox, since in their excitement to simulate bombings the two fighters threw sand at one another and scattered it over the cities and roads which Gene and Bobby had constructed. Finally, the inevitable happened: The Chief got some sand in his eye and had to go home, leaving the other three to clean up his sandbox.

An Ideal Solution

A Plan For Keeping the Negro From Being Exploited in the United States and A Plan to Relieve the U.S. Government of the Financial Burden of Keeping Peace in the Major American Cities—By *Jonathan Quickly*.

DUANE MEIER

Rhetoric 102

IT IS INDEED A SAD SITUATION TO READ IN OUR NEWSPAPERS and periodicals the horrifying accounts of Negro uprisings in our fair cities. Chicago, Baltimore and Washington, D.C., bore the brunt of the latest unrest. Through the television eye, we saw parents and their children take to the city streets, looting and burning, refusing to heed the pleas of local and national authorities to desist and return to their normal, everyday occupations.

I'm sure you will all agree with me that this growing minority of twenty million Negroes in our country must be dealt with now and with respect to its human rights. Since the added government expense (required to quell the disturbances and restore order) is dear to the hearts and pocketbooks of all men, Black or White, I suggest an economical, practical solution, and I hope that my following suggestions will be met with open minds and open hearts. I have thought long and hard upon this plight of our Black brothers. I have come to the conclusion that my plan will contribute to the "pursuit of happiness" for all Americans and that it will establish absolute equality for all races.

First, I suggest that we deal with more than just the trouble-making Negroes. I think we should deal with all the colored folks, because it is their right as a minority in a democracy to be dealt with as one group. No Black person should be denied his place in his society.

To begin with, I would like to place before you the proposition that we seal off the Negro areas in all cities, and, in areas where Negroes and Whites are living together, move all the Negroes to relocation centers where, as in the large cities, they will be sealed off from the White world. This I am sure will protect our Black brothers from some of our kind

who would infamously try to exploit them. I nearly weep every time I see Negroes go into a small loan office. My heart, and I am sure your heart too, goes out to these poor colored people who drive downtown to the credit bureau in their old, broken-down Cadillacs, and in order to buy color T.V. sets have to pay exorbitant interest rates on even small loans. For the sake of our country's democratic sense of "fair play" in business, I implore you that we immediately cordon off the Black folks and refuse to allow any Whites to enter their ghetto. This confinement would be a promising step forward on the way to protecting our Negroes once and for all.

The second step in my plan to alleviate prejudice and white racism is to establish in sub-tropical Africa a new homeland for our Black people. I'm sure that any person with a clean conscience cannot disagree with this idea. Man yearns to be free in a land he can call his own, and of course, Africa is the true homeland of the Negroes. True, it may be rather strenuous on the weak individuals at first, but the price of national freedom, as we plainly know, although a high price, is a fair price to pay.

By establishing an all-Negro nation, we will be doing an invaluable service to Blacks and Whites alike. The Whites will be freer to develop and understand the meaning of democracy. In regard to the Black men, the chronic unemployment that has plagued them here will be taken care of over there. The Negroes will have first chance at jobs in their country. With all the natural resources in sub-tropical Africa, the Black man will be able to support himself. Furthermore, the United States government will recognize the government of the new country immediately, and it will be willing to give monetary grants to the country as soon as it asks for them. What is more, before the Negroes leave our country (which will be dealt with later in my report) the United States government at its own expense will equip every Black male with two loin-cloths and every Black female with eight yards of the purest cotton cloth so she can design native garb of her own choosing. In addition to this, the government will provide the man of the family with (for hunting)—one knife, army "commando" style, one hunting spear, tipped with the finest U.S. tempered steel, and one doubleheaded "tru-strike" axe, for use on the jungle trees. To the women the government will give a complete line of oven-glazed crockery for use in Africa.

With these generous gifts from our government, the Negro will have a higher standard of living in his true original African style than he had here. For instance, the money the Negro spends on food and housing will be substantially reduced. He will soon learn to raise his own food in the jungle clearings throughout equatorial Africa. The cost of housing will be minimal. With his gift of an axe, he should be able to clear the

jungle, chop down trees and branches and build comfortable one-room, dirt-floored, thatched-roofed huts for nothing more than some hard labor on his part. Anyone who cannot build his own hut will be able to rent one from a landlord. Significantly, this landlord will be one of his own race. The Negro's conditions of housing will improve in another way also—the ever-present rats and cockroaches he had in his living quarters here will not be able to stand the heat over there very well, and, besides, natural predators of both creatures will be present in the form of lions and other members of the feline family who devour rats, and in the form of anteaters who relish cockroaches. All patriotic Americans must agree that I sincerely wish to help our Black citizens and that my plan offers them many advantages.

Sending twenty million Negroes to Africa will benefit both Whites and Blacks in another way. There will no longer be over-crowding in our cities. The colored people will be able to start over and expand at will across the width of Africa. Because of our balance of payments deficit and the gold drain, the Negroes' money will remain in this country for the sake of developing "Black Americanaland" (discussed later) and also for use in our cities to improve and clean up the areas in the cities where the Negroes lived. Our cities will become even more an ideal picture of democracy in action—no anarchy, riots, etc., no separation of citizens and the exploitation of some by others, and no slums. I'm sure that Blacks and Whites will agree to this. Also, with the abundance of natural resources in Africa, the new nation will be on sound economic ground in a very short time (the Negroes can develop a large tourist trade with Americans and they will be able to sell native artifacts). The Americans will have room to grow in and also first chance at any jobs vacated by the Negroes.

Of course, this solution is not as easy as it sounds. There are some problems which must be resolved. For instance, in the United States there are approximately ten thousand couples who are miscegenetic. I propose, however, that the ten thousand men and women from each couple who are Black be allowed to remain in the United States after they have been relieved of procreative powers. This will prevent further interbreeding, but will allow two people in love to remain happy. For the White partner of the miscegenetic couple who want to engage in coitus, however, after his or her mate has been spayed or castrated, an area pool of ten White men or ten White women will be formed; its sole purpose will be to provide intercourse for the White partner of the couple, and so, keep the person happy and well adjusted—which is the wish of every American. In any situation where the colored person chooses to leave America, his White mate will be allowed to accompany him. If the couple remains and already has dark Black children, the parents will be relieved

of their responsibility to raise, feed, clothe, and educate the child, and the United States government will see that the children are relocated in their true homeland with a childless couple there, thus helping those in Africa who cannot give birth. Those parents of more mixed Caucasoid and Negroid blood, commonly called mulattoes, will be allowed to remain here after they have been properly treated to remove any chances of their propagating our Black brother in the United States of America.

Through close consultation with several of the top U.S. cultural anthropologists, I have devised a simple examination for suspected mulattoes and for those citizens who are unsure of their ancestry. (Ancestral uncertainty is defined as the inability to trace one's lineage back three full generations on both sides.) A person will be examined for: (1) nose width (wider than 1.75 inches is considered Negroid), (2) hair curl (more than two curls per inch is considered Negroid), (3) *labius protrudus*, or lip protrusion (sticking out from base of lip more than .475 of an inch is considered Negroid), and (4) skin shade (a shade of brown or black exceeding the depth in color of one cup of percolated coffee (in a white cup) with one teaspoon of pure cream will be considered Negroid). Any two of these features will make the person a Negro in the eyes of the United States government. By administering this exam and locating the multiracial people, and then by finally placing these people in their proper places, we will be taking another giant step forward in protecting our Black people. Some feeble-minded person may be taken aback by this suggestion—saying that it lacks respect for human values—but I strongly disagree, as I'm sure you do. This idea was formulated in my mind for one reason—to help our country and all its citizens.

But I do not think that shipping *all* Negroes back to Africa is either practical or in the best interests of all people concerned. So I propose that we allow twenty thousand average Negroes to remain in America and that we let them live in the five northern counties of Mississippi. The Whites living there will be properly reimbursed and resettled in the place of their choice at the expense of the U.S. government. Here in these counties our children and our grandchildren could some day see a part of "living Americana." In this cultural center-type area, with the money our Black citizens leave behind, I propose we organize a school that teaches the Blacks in the counties "the true Black heritage of America." Special classes could be held to teach the dialect of the American Negro (words such as "massuh," "yessuh," etc.). Furthermore, aid from the Department of Agriculture would be forthcoming in the form of cottonseed. Then the twenty thousand Blacks set up in this living heritage center could play any number of roles, being trained as chauffeurs, bus boys, butlers, cotton farmers, factory workers, slum dwellers, etc. A fence could be built around these five counties and admission of \$1.00 per adult and \$.50

per child under twelve could be charged to those Whites who would like to see our cultural heritage. (The money could be used to help maintain "Black Americanland.") I'm sure no one would object to the establishment of this cultural center, because it is our duty to teach our children our history. When the original number of Blacks grows to twenty-five thousand, I suggest that the excess five thousand be allowed to go to their country in Africa.

Some of my friends have asked me about the expense and time involved in moving our Black brethren to Africa. Knowing that all Americans will do their utmost for the cause of democracy and peace, I propose that all American ships invoke a moratorium on commercial shipping for three months—those three months being June, July, and August when the weather is most favorable in the mid-Atlantic. I hereby submit, for close scrutiny, the final phase of my solution to the problems of the Negroes. All ships (civilian and armed forces) should return to their U.S. ports. Upon returning, all but the essential navigational gear should be removed and left in waterfront warehouses. Calculating the average Negro to be five feet, eight inches, and weighing one hundred sixty-five pounds, I suggest that the ships be outfitted with bed-racks measuring six feet long and two feet wide. The interiors of all ships should contain as many of these as they will hold, and the decks should be outfitted in the same way (remembering that the relocation process will take place in the summer months when a number of Negroes can also be placed outside without fear of extremely inclement weather). Calculating each U.S. aircraft carrier to be capable of carrying 500,000 Negroes at one time, each destroyer capable of carrying 175,000, and each battleship capable of carrying 350,000 we should have no trouble completing this project within the three months, provided that we get all civilian ships also. Finally, I offer the following ports of emigration for the Blacks with the areas they cover enclosed in parentheses: Boston (New England), New York City and Philadelphia (Mid-Atlantic States), Baltimore and Newport News, Va. (the Southeast), Houston and New Orleans (the Deep South and lower Mississippi River Valley), Los Angeles and San Francisco (the Far West and the Great Plains), Seattle and Tacoma (the Pacific Northwest), Milwaukee, Chicago, Detroit, and Cleveland (the Northern Great Plains, the Middle West, and the Ohio River Valley), and Honolulu (Alaska and Hawaii).

This, then, is my plan for our American problem. Our wonderful democracy is no place for the anarchy that has rocked our cities in the past. Our Black friends have a terrible problem of fitting into and competing in our society. By my proposal, we will eliminate the Negro's sense of frustration and helplessness. I have deep feelings and convictions about our Black citizens, and by issuing this paper I hope to show others my concern for the colored people of our country.

The Black people and the White people have different cultures, and different cultures should be separated and allowed to grow and mature by themselves. Some shortsighted people may say we are just expelling the Negroes and causing them undue hardship, but we will be creating a better understanding between the races and the cultures. The Blackmen have the right to develop their own culture with all its primitive art and crafts without exploitation and competition from their White brothers. I'm not, however, closed to suggestions any educated person can come up with. If he can find a way to cut the cost of my project, I know our government would like to hear it, since it will absorb all the costs of the program.

Some of my best friends are Black and it will be hard to see them leave. I'll sorely miss seeing "Old Glory" flying victoriously over the Olympic games because our Negro athletes (all naturally co-ordinated) will be gone, and I'll miss that good old New Orleans Negro jazz also. Even more personally, I'll really miss my chauffeur and butler, but sacrifices must be made, and I'm not the kind of person to retard the quest for democracy and peace in the United States.

Television's New Problems

SAM P. MORENO

Rhetoric 102

THE NEW MATERIAL AND IDEAS NOW PRESENTED ON television can be considered crude, obscene, or irreverent according to *Time* magazine. The television networks are having difficulties in regulating this new material without causing conflict with the performers, most of them comedians, who are presenting it.

The topics for this new kind of humor are drawn from modern life, but our society's outdated views and sensibilities have prevented them from being aired openly. An example of this humor is a routine done by Flip Wilson, a Negro artist. He asks himself, "Should I do any racial material? Why not? Why shouldn't I say to you, 'We've got to do something about the Indians?'" Later in the same routine he refers to the race riots. "I got this suit in Cleveland, right out of the store window."

On the Johnny Carson Show, which seems to be a meeting ground for many of the "new-breed" comics, Wilson portrayed a newlywed couple on their honeymoon night. The bride says wonderingly, "Oh Harry, are

we really married?" Harry leeringly replies, "You're going to find out in a minute when I get this shoelace untied."

Another example of society's outdated views is obviously evident in the analogy made by Desmond Morris: "The newspapers don't mind printing a word describing something that shoots death, but if it shoots life, they won't have it." This statement was made by Morris on the Carson show with reference to the word "penis," which Morris uses in his book *The Naked Ape*.

Society not only disapproves of words pertaining to sex organs but to other "filthy," suggestive, explosive words like *white slavery*, *pornography*, and *narcotics*. For some unknown reason, the words *murder*, *robbery*, and *blackmail* are accepted by the censors.

In one case, the censors, instead of accomplishing their objective, only provided the Smothers Brothers with more material. In this skit where Tommy Smothers and Elaine May portrayed a pair of rookie censors, the word *arm* was substituted for the word *breast*. "But won't that sound funny?" asked Tommy. "My heart beats wildly in my arm whenever you are near."

Sex is not the only sensitive topic that entertainers are integrating into their routines. Politics is also a favorite. A song writer, Pete Seeger, was blacklisted in 1955 by the networks for not testifying before the House Un-American Activities Committee. Recently he was permitted to appear on television; to the producers he little more than mentioned his new song, "Waist Deep in The Big Muddy," with its obvious reference to President Johnson and the Vietnam War, and it was banned. They objected to these lines in particular:

*Now every time I read the papers
that old feelin' comes on,
We're waist deep in the Big Muddy
And the big fool says to push on.*

The current ideas presented by various religions serve as another source of material for the entertainers. Ron Carey bills himself as "The Foremost Catholic Comedian" in the world. His satire (of television cartoon shows) features "Super Priest," who is faster than a second collection, and "Wonder Nun," who fights the oncoming bullets with her magic beads.

Like the other topics of potential attack, religion is also protected by the censors from irreverence. A skit which received severe criticism from the censors was designed by the Smothers Brothers. Dick asked Tom if he knew what Easter was all about. "Sure," Tommy answers, "It's the day Jesus Christ rose from his tomb." "I'm proud of you," Dickie replies. And Tommy continues, "If he sees his shadow, he has to go back in again for six weeks."

A skit developed by Dan Rowan and Dick Martin also met unfavorable comment from the critics. Posing as a newscaster of the future, Rowan reports, "With marriage in the Church recently sanctioned, the archbishop

and his lovely bride, the former Sister Mary Catherine said, 'This time it's for keeps!'"

In a specific situation the television network enlisted a rabbi, a priest, and a minister to pass judgment on a routine by the Smothers Brothers. The setting was the Garden of Eden where Tommy was stopped from biting the forbidden apple by a booming voice, "That's a no-no." Irreverence was the verdict, two to one.

The problems of the television censors are growing because of the use of this controversial material. Don Rickles, taking the role of a crude and often rude critic, presents a special problem. For years, television would not touch him with a "ten foot boom." At the insistence of Joey Bishop and Johnny Carson, however, Rickles was unmuzzled and allowed to fire away.

To be dishonored in Hollywood by Rickles seems to be an honor, and Don does not miss anyone. He refers to Bob Newhart as "Johnny Carson's warm-up." "Why is he here? Is the war over?" was Rickles' response to the appearance of Bob Hope. "Come right in Frankie," Rickles barks at Sinatra. "Make yourself at home. Hit somebody." Turning on Dean Martin he snipes, "What do we need Italians for, all they do is keep flies off our fish." Spotting Sammy Davis Jr., he cries, "Look at him! You can always tell a Negro. Throw a broom on the floor and see him grab it."

Mr. Warmth, as Carson calls him, claims he has a "sixth sense" about the fine line between good-natured ribbing and offensive ridicule. Who can get angry with a guy who says, "I've never met a man I didn't dislike"?

Don Rickles is the exception to the rule that the young people in any type of work are the ones who are thinking of new ideas. Television has the problem of trying to handle these new ideas and at the same time provide family entertainment that will reach every member. The Smothers Brothers say that the young people in the country want this type of entertainment and that there are only a few artists willing to try.

The Sketchbook

INSTRUCTOR'S NOTE: This paragraph was written in response to an impromptu assignment. The object was to persuade a particular audience—in this case, a cowboy with a tattoo—to buy a certain product.

Hey you! You with the tattoo! You probably think that a real man wouldn't wear a deodorant, right? Wrong! Have you ever stopped to think about what your horse thinks of you? If you become offensive, even your faithful mount, a cowboy's best friend, will shun you, for there are limits to the punishment even your horse can take. Remember, a horseless cowboy isn't any good to anyone. And think how the gals will react to a man whose odor can scare a horse away. Yes sir, that's why even a real man like you needs a deodorant, and Ancient Leather is the best deodorant to buy. Available in one-shot cartridges guaranteed to fit any make of gun, Ancient Leather will keep you dry even in Death Valley.

—MARK SHISHIDA

Rhet As Writ

[Lincoln] was willing to assume the tremendous responsibilities of being the leader of a nation instead of quietly stepping aside and letting someone else solve the problems of the country. He could have led a nice peaceful life with everyday problems, but multiplied his troubles enormously so as to make the U.S. a better place for people to live.

* * *

The Negroes are equal by the fact that God made them, but in this country a higher power enacted a law (Emancipation Proclamation) which makes God's work legal.

* * *

[From a theme on censorship]: After all wouldn't it sound strange if there was a scene about a man who had just found the person who raped and killed his wife and cattle, and he said, "Crummy buttons on you, you dirty wombat," and then peacefully walked away?

* * *

The good commercial is keyed to hit below the belt, to attack the most vulnerable place, the adult ego, and because it is so directed it produces the world of six year olds.

* * *

Yeat's favorite dream is to live alone in a cabin just as Henry Walden once did.

* * *

[Leslie Fiedler] proved that Uncle Tom showed pornography without sex because the exploited member was again being exposed.

* * *

The atmosphere was filled with shouts of laughter and occasional moaning from the town drunk who was plastered on the floor.

* * *

After Mr. Gradgrind [in Dickens' *Hard Times*] realized his failure to teach Sissy Jupe "Facts," he discovered she was of use around his house even though she was not his kind of model.

* * *

Anne Frank's epic diary is another example of adapting to the hardships of living under extreme conditions. Surviving in a whorehouse while hiding from the Nazis could only be done by keeping rigid control of existing materials through leadership.

* * *

Nowadays it's taken for granite that if a person is to succeed in life, he must go to college.

AWARDS

THE CALDRON will continue its policy of giving awards to the writers of the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshmen rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Second: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Third: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Fourth: Five dollars worth of books
- Fifth: Five dollars worth of books



We wish to thank the following bookstores for their generosity in providing prizes:

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- Follett's College Book Store
- Illini Union Book Store





THE GREEN CALDRON

By JAMES H. BROWN

Illustrated by JAMES H. BROWN

Published by JAMES H. BROWN

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Printed in the United States of America

First Edition

Second Edition

Third Edition

Fourth Edition

Fifth Edition

Sixth Edition

Seventh Edition

Eighth Edition

THE GREEN CALDRON is published each September and February by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, may be published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON are Rosemarie Abendroth, Lorne Forstner, Donald Rude, Melvin Storm, and Jeremy Wild, editor.

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PUBLISHED BY THE R. F. COLWELL PRINTING CORP.
CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

THE GREEN CALDRON

**A MAGAZINE OF
FRESHMAN WRITING**

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February, 1969
University of Illinois

The Contributors

Vicki Hamende—Bradley Comm. H.S.

Stephen Thomas—Watseka H.S.

Polly Mayland—Lockport Central H.S.

John Hurt—Decatur H.S.

Patricia Jane Huffman—Carbondale Comm. H.S.

Marla Braverman—Mather H.S., Chicago

Robert Cooper—Niles East H.S., Skokie

Don Kurtz—Urbana H.S.

Harry M. Tiebout, III—Urbana H.S.

The Winners

The following are the winners of the prizes for the best themes in the September issue of THE CALDRON:

First: *Susan Fitzhenry*, A Land Without Pretzel-Benders

Second: *Duane Meyer*, An Ideal Solution

Third: *Carolyn Baechle*, Changing Status

Fourth: *Max J. Harvey*, Zebea

Fifth: *Louis Nieper*, A Contemporary Socratic Dialogue

A Play on Brotherhood and It Ain't Trite

VICKI HAMENDE

Rhetoric 102

[ASSIGNMENT: Discuss a single idea appearing in one or more essay(s)
by E. M. Forster.]

[Soft sounds of morning slowly drift from valley to valley. Movements become whispers; whispers reveal the beginning of day. A cool, thin air of peace quietly surrounds the soul of mankind. And no one fears the wind, for it lightly becomes a breeze. The gentleness of brotherhood reigns upon the land.]

[A whistling out of the night] "That's why the lady, the beautiful lady, was a tramp." [Whistle. Hum. (Clear throat) Whistle. Clomp. Clomp. Tweet!]

"That's why—hey man, better watch how you bend over that rail. Somethin' might happen what's not bein' planned for such as you toppling into the cool blue."

"Yea, yea—go on man. It's a free country, free bridge. I got free bendin' privileges, too."

"Hey man, you got somthin' on your leg looking much as it's like heavy and iron. Is that for helpin' you stand up straight, or might it be a device by which if you was to *very* accidentally fall into the water you would go down with the fishes never to return again and all that?"

"See—I got this broke leg is all and I got it chained together instead of casted together is all. Now go on—you're givin' pain to my broke leg."

"You sure it's a leg what's broke 'stead of say maybe a heart or some-thin'? Hey man, you don't mean to tell me you're thinkin' of jumpin' into the water and what is that—endin' it all, just like that?"

"I don't mean to tell you nothin'. Just go on, that's all. Like I said, it's a free country. I'm free, man. Only I'm gonna be freer, soon as you take it upon yourself to butt out."

"Okay, okay, so I'll butt out." [Whistle. Clomp. Clomp. Clomp. Clomp.] "Say, let's start this over again. I know you're gonna jump, and you know I know, and it's a free country, so I got a free right to talk with you, don't I? So let's talk, man. Seein' as how you ain't got no pressin' obligations or nothin'."

"I don't wanna talk."

"Look—let *me* talk, hey? You just stand there and bend and I'll talk. See I'm lonely so I wanna talk. That's all. You can jump whenever you want, but let me talk first. Sorta like a dyin' man givin' someone else a last wish—get it?"

"So—talk, fool."

"Sure, sure. How 'bout a story. Not one of them tales, but this is a true one. See—I once had this friend. A guy, you know? Real good guy. We was great buddies. Had a lot of laughs—know what I mean? Swell guy. Real smart, too. Lots of education. Met him at a bar. Smart guy—could really hold his booze, too. Better than me. Well, he'd buy a round and I'd buy a round and he'd and I'd and man, pretty soon I was out. I mean really out. Well, this guy—swell guy—see he took me to his home. Big place—real smart lookin'. Gave me a couple a aspirins, plopped an ice bag on my head, and tucked me into a warm bed. Swell bed. Man, I musta slept for a week. And when I weren't sleepin' we was talkin'. He was a smart talker, too. Lots of ideas 'bout things—you know the kind. 'Cept he didn't make me feel as dumb as I am, you know? I mean like he *asked* me stuff like *why* I did this or *why* I liked that. Like he was really interested in what I was thinkin'—you know what I mean? Well, then he gets me this job, see. Swell guy. Swell job. Construction work—I like buildin' back what's been wrecked—you know what I mean? Good pay. He had some stuffy job, but he wasn't stuffy. I'd see him often—for a beer, you know. He'd tell me 'bout his family—swell gang. I never had none so I played like they was mine, too. Like he and I was brothers and friends, too. I never had a friend before him. I told him that, too, and he said hey man, you gotta *be* a bud to *have* a bud. You still listenin' there? Good, man.

"Well, this friend of mine, see he knew lots of smart words about friendship and stuff like that. He said he once read where some guy said, 'If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country.'¹ That meant like he held friendship higher than anythin' else. Like havin' a friend and bein' loyal to him was more important than everythin'.

"He said bein' a friend was believin' in someone else and bein' honest with people so they'll be honest. You gotta be able to rely on people, and that's not possible you know unless there's a 'natural warnith.' Like you both gotta like each other truly. He said, 'One must be fond of people and trust them if one is not to make a mess of life, and it is therefore essential that they should not let one down.' Real pretty words. The truth, too. Like if you let a friend down things will get messed up. Same if he lets you down. He said friendship ain't just for people but for countries, too. He told me 'bout some paperboy what left his papers in front of Parliament—that's in London—and got a beer, and the people took the papers and left money for 'em. But in that Parliament it's like the opposite. 'Stead of trust they got 'suspicion, treachery, and

armaments.' That's like they're always talkin' 'bout not trustin' and havin' wars. Real sad.

"He said we have to accept people for what they are. Like he's stuffy and I'm dumb. What the hell? We're both men, man. He said, 'Tolerance, good temper, and sympathy are no longer enough.' They should be. They really should.

"He said we gotta share everyone else's sorrow and happiness. Like help a guy when he's down and keep him up when he's up. We gotta try to understand his feelin's, you know? Like help 'im solve his problems and all.

"Then we gotta know just what we believe in and we gotta help others find something what's stable. He said like, 'One has to formulate a creed of one's own.' Like we gotta pick what's right and what's wrong and stick by the right. He said, 'Naked I came into the world, naked I shall go out of it! I am naked under my shirt, whatever its colour.' Like the only thing what matters in life is havin' friends. Things like cars and color T.V.'s ain't lastin'. Like we can't hide behind masks. We gotta speak out—we gotta get what we want and do what we want.

"'We whisper in the corner of a world which is full of other noises, and louder ones.' He said that. Pretty, huh? Like we all need to work together to fix up the mess things get in. Like there are people all over what want to help. Some are already at it. But there's lots workin' against it all. But man does everythin'. So if a man can make a mess, another man can work it out. Like everyone dependin' on everyone else.

"He said the whole deal means that man needs a brotherhood, you know? Kids, women, men, old folks, everyone workin' at once and all the time. And before you know it the world gets better. Swell idea. Swell guy. A brotherhood of man—like real friendship. Like forgetting yourself but not everyone else. Swell guy."

[Whistle. (Clear throat) Hum.]

"Yea, yea, man."

[Hum. Hum.]

"Say—naw, forget it."

[Hum. Hum.]

"Say—well, what—you know—where is this guy? You know—this swell guy? If he's so smart, where is he?"

"Man, I killed him."

"Naw, not really?"

"Not really, naw."

"That's good. I mean—I feel like I know the guy, you know. Like maybe I'd met him or somethin'."

"Maybe you have, man, maybe you have."

"Say—how 'bout a hand with this chain. Like—my leg's not really broke, see?"

"Sure. Wanna beer?"

"Sure, why not?"

[Clomp-Clomp. Clomp-Clomp. Clomp-Clomp. Clomp-Clomp.]

"Wait—hold it."

[Splash! Tweet!]

[Clomp. Clomp. Clomp. Clomp.]

FOOTNOTE

¹ All quoted material is from Forster's "What I Believe" and "Does Culture Matter?" in *Ten Contemporary Thinkers*, ed. Victor E. Amend and Leo T. Hendrick, (1964), pp. 98-111.

An Appendage of Eyes

STEPHEN THOMAS

Rhetoric 102

[*Impromptu*]

BELLADONNA DILATES THE PUPILS OF THE EYES SO greatly that ordinary daylight rushes in and explodes against the brain. Morrisson dropped it last night and was still experiencing its effects today at noon. And the effects were shattering.

Pausing before lunch to smash out chords on the piano, he ground out dissonant, spacy globs, which were meaningful only to him. He explained that he could only see things very far away while he squinted to look at the piano inches from his hands. Actually, his eyes were completely divorced from his body, which had become a mere appendage to those eyes. The real Morrisson might have been a surrealistic jumble with a leg improperly affixed, an extra arm, a nonsensical form, and unblinking eyes with those large pupils in a fixed glare.

His eyes were those of a man in shock, madly defying Morrisson's attempts to co-ordinate them with his conversation and facial expressions. At the dinner table he shook frantically; we tried to communicate, but the answers seemed to reverberate from a source other than Morrisson—perhaps someone just beyond his shoulders. Attempts to steer the conversation from his incoherent chronicle of the preceding night ultimately failed. Morrisson was unshakeable, much like a devout Catholic bent upon the conversion of all the infidels about him. No matter what we said, the talk always returned to religious pieties. Morrisson droned on about his high.

"My God! It's really scary . . . I've been so spaced out. My eyes don't hurt, but I looked in the mirror and they're so swelled and bloodshot!"

Finally, Morrisson did recognize his own madness and fought against it. Grasping for something to re-affirm his consciousness, he felt compelled to fight against his mind and force it back into some niche. But his mind would not be bothered. Large pupils, he claimed, were a mark of beauty. Not convincingly, he smirked away the notion those damned pupils might fail to shrink. The glare never changed and we, his friends, suddenly felt sinister for having attempted to coerce him into withdrawal. It was futile, anyway.

Morrisson dumped bag after bag of sugar into his Coca-Cola. He liked the piercing sweetness. "I was talking to somebody—I thought, but I looked and nobody was there . . . my goddam eyes!"

Morrisson was not frightened. He was too experienced. He *was* worried about his eyes and the length of his high. He was infatuated with his delirium, but he wanted it to end and he talked feverishly in a search for help. One could imagine his brain fragmented into the thousand bits of a broken mirror, plastered against his skull, lights glancing everywhere.

And we looked at Morrisson and knew nothing was there—just those eyes. . . .

I Do Call Her "Mother"

POLLY MAYLAND

Rhetoric 102

DID YOU EVER NOTICE THESE DAYS THAT IT'S ALWAYS Mother and Daddy, not Mom and Dad or Mommy and Daddy or Mother and Father, but Mother and Daddy. At least that's the way it is in *my* family. I guess that's because my mother is not the "Mom's home-cooked meals" type. You know, the fat rolly kind of woman who always wants you to eat another piece of pie. But when she hits you, you wonder if there isn't three hundred pounds behind that palm. Physically she may pack a wallop, but mentally she's what Doug, the valedictorian of our high school class, calls a "pseudo-intellectual," because even though she sees no symbolism in *Portrait of the Artist*, Mother believes that she understands it. She's a wife who hates to do the laundry, but wouldn't miss her honorable daily tea ritual for anything. Since I've never felt that I respected her I've wondered why I call her such a respectful name.

"Firm but loving" was the key phrase in the child psych books around our house. But since Mother reads word by word, not phrase by phrase, I think she closed the book after reading "firm." There was never a threat of "I'll tell your father," because he wouldn't have done anything anyway;

he never could spank me. Nor did she ever hand me the line about getting out the old strap either. She just used the back-of-the-hand or the slap-on-the-bottom technique that would make me cry. I remember when I was too young to know any swear words and after Mother finished knocking me around a bit, I would say the worst thing I could think of—"Throw up on you!" Of course the trick, according to Sally my next-door neighbor, was to say it just soft enough so your mother couldn't understand. I would say it so softly that I would just be thinking loud, but I inevitably received another slap for talking back. The Old Baby Man, Dr. Spock, says that children respect the parent who disciplines them. I don't believe it; at least I didn't use to.

One thing I knew for sure about my mother was that she was a pseudo-intellectual. I didn't know that just because Doug told me; I could see it myself. Every day at eleven, when I came home from high school for dinner, and after her strenuous trip to the grocery store to buy six items so that she could get a ticket and continue playing the A & P "Match the Product Game," she sat on the couch with the sun beating in on her back and ate Camembert cheese on melba toast (she even ate the moldy rind on the cheese and liked it). All the while she drank her special blend of Orange-Pekoe tea in one of her fifteen tea cups. I gave her eleven of those cups. But I only gave her things like that when I had to: Christmas, birthdays, Mother's Day, and Fourth of July, you know. Anyway, while she did this she read books, *Dr. Zhivago*, *War and Peace* (which she read twice to find out who Natasha was), and *The Brothers Kharamotzov* during her "aesthetic" Russian period. Then she tried *Ulysses* followed by *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (even though they are supposed to be read in the reverse order). When I was there eating my usual egg sandwich with mayonnaise and sliced tomatoes on it, drinking a half-frozen Diet-Rite and watching reruns of *The Fugitive* on T.V., she used to tell me about her latest volume. I remember her spending ages explaining that James Joyce's books didn't contain any symbolism. My mother paints, and she says that she never put anything deep or hidden in her paintings, so this symbolism business must be read into the book by critics who think they're smart. I would smile, shake my head and watch David Jansen escape successfully from the police again. I remember Mrs. Aspel from down the road asking who the heck Oscar Wilde was, and Mother recalling that he had written *The Importance of Being Earnest*. That was something. Mother knowing that; I always liked that play.

Even if she did remember who Oscar Wilde was, she didn't do her duty as a wife and mother—she hates to do laundry. When I was sixteen my mother decided it was time that I learned to wash clothes. So bag in hand, she rushed me to the laundromat, shoved twelve quarters

in my pocket and left me to learn. For a dollar a week my mother hired me for a maid before school and a dishwasher after dinner. On Saturdays I would stay home and scrub floors while she and Daddy went to Chicago. Worst of all was her cooking, when she did it. Everything had Sucaryl, wheat germ, and yogurt in it, even the tomato soup. We had scallops boiled in lime juice once which tasted like rubber bands dipped in lemonade; it was a typical Mother-dish. And Daddy was a meat-and-potatoes man before he married.

But I have to admit Mother's been doing pretty well since I left home for college. The floors are almost clean and the dishes are washed. She even makes T-bone steak and baked potatoes for dinner now and then. And the Christmas turkey dressing wasn't the traditionally putrid nut-meats and apricots this year. She still knows about Oscar and she doesn't knock me around anymore. She won't read *Brave New World* though—says it makes her sick. But then it makes me sick too—thinking about babies in jars. Mother still drinks her tea and eats her cheese, but I still eat egg sandwiches whenever I can. She sends her laundry out now that I've left home, but I pay someone to do my ironing. She called last night and said she was making something for my birthday, but was afraid to give it to me. Do you suppose she thinks that I'm critical of her or something? But how can I be critical of someone the Old Baby Man says I respect? Maybe he's right; I do call her "Mother."

The Hippies' Declaration of Independence

JOHN HART

Rhetoric 102

WHEN IN THE COURSE OF PSYCHEDELIC HAPPENINGS, it becomes necessary for one high people to dissolve the social bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the freaks of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's Guru entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of Mankind requires that they should declare the gripes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all Hippies are created high, that they are endowed by their Guru with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Love, Drugs, and the Pursuit of Sex. That to secure these rights, Be-Ins are instituted among Hippies, deriving their freaky

powers from the consent of the freaked. That whenever any form of Great Society becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the Hippies to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new Society, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Love-Ins and Trips. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Great Societies long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that Hippies are more disposed to getting busted, while getting busted is sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the Society to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Conformity, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Society, and to provide new Guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Hippies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Society. The history of Hippiedom is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, at the hands of the Government and the General Public, both having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Conformity among these Hippies. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

They have refused their assent to Demonstrations, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

They have dissolved peaceful demonstrations repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness their invasions on the rights of Hippies.

They have obstructed the Administration of Justice, by the misrepresentation of Truth, and by sadistic mistreatment of all Hippies taken captive.

They have erected a multitude of New Offices and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our People, and eat out our substance.

They have affected to render the Military independent of and superior to Flower Power.

They have kept among us, in times of Peace, Police without reason.

They have combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our opinions, and unacknowledged by our beliefs; giving their assistance and forces to Acts of ridiculous legislation:

For quartering large bodies of Police among us:

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from punishment for any Murders or Injuries which they should commit on the Hippies:

For depriving us of our Freedom of Long Hair:

For suspending our Love-Ins, abolishing our most valuable Pot, and altering fundamentally our Form of Life:

In every stage of these Oppressions We have petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to the Great Society. We

have warned its members from time to time of attempts by them to extend unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have appealed to their native Love and grooviness, and we have conjured them by the ties of rock music and psychedelic posters to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They have been deaf to the voice of Love and grooviness. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of the world, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

WE, THEREFORE, the Hippies of the World, In General Highness, appealing to the supreme Dr. Leary for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of all good freaks, solemnly PUBLISH AND DECLARE that these United Hippies are, and of right ought to be, FREE AND INDEPENDENT HIPPIES; that they are absolved from the Allegiance to conformity, and that all connection between us and the Great Society is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that as FREE AND INDEPENDENT HIPPIES, we have full power to make Love, not War, contract Venereal Disease, establish Free Drugs, and to do all the other Acts and Things which HIPPIES may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of our Gurus, we mutually pledge to each other our Love, our Drugs, and our sacred Beads.

The Oedipal Pattern in *The Fire Next Time*

PATRICIA JANE HUFFMAN

Rhetoric 102

THE DESIRE OF THE SON TO KILL THE FATHER AND marry the mother is an archetype which occurs frequently in literature. This desire, whether conscious or unconscious, is termed the "Oedipal complex" after the early Greek play, *Oedipus Rex*, in which the protagonist unknowingly kills his father and marries his mother. The tension which causes this desire results from the rivalry between father and son for the affections of the mother. Freud explains this desire further by saying the father is the one who threatens not only the son's sexual relations with his mother, but all of the son's early sexual pleasure, for it is often the duty of the father to bring the son to that renunciation of sexual freedom which society demands.¹

Art offers many variations of the Oedipal pattern. Hamlet hates his uncle instead of his father, for Claudius has won the attentions of Gertrude

and is therefore a rival with Hamlet for her affections. In D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*, the son hates his father and expresses a desire to live forever with his mother: "But I shan't marry, mother. I shall live with you and we'll have a servant." And in *The Graduate*, Benjamin fulfills a part of the Oedipal fantasy in his relationship with Mrs. Robinson. Although she is not his real mother, she is the same age as his mother, and her closest friend; Benjamin directs his feelings toward a mother figure rather than toward his real mother.

The Fire Next Time presents a modified Oedipal pattern. Hatred and hostility exist between father and son. The father feels threatened. In the situation Baldwin describes, there is no need for the father to attempt to emasculate his son because of this sense of rivalry, for the father knows white society will do this for him. (The Oedipal complex is not an inflexible psychological law which demands that all sons kill their fathers. It merely suggests that the desire exists—there are numerous substitutes for murder of the father as a means of coping with him.) Although Baldwin openly expresses a desire to kill his father, he does not ultimately confront him by murdering him. Instead, he overcomes his father by using the church as an instrument of power over him, as will be seen.

As a child, Baldwin associates the white world with power. The white man's word is believed above the black man's, and the white man forces Negro soldiers to do the most unpleasant work. If a young Negro boy could become a part of white society, he might acquire some of the power it wields over other Negroes, including his father. Baldwin's desire to compete with the white man can therefore be interpreted as a desire to challenge his father's authority by becoming more powerful than he; when Baldwin tells his father he can do anything a white boy can do, the father is afraid, not only because his child risks self-destruction in attempting to become a part of white society, but because of a basic, Oedipal fear of his son as a rival for power.

Indications of the tension between father and son are seen in "Down at the Cross: Letter from a Region in My Mind." In an early passage Baldwin writes:

My best friend in high school was a Jew. He came to our house once, and afterward my father asked, as he asked about everyone, "Is he a Christian?"—by which he meant "Is he saved?" I really do not know whether my answer came out of innocence or venom, but I said coldly, "No. He's Jewish." My father slammed me across the face with his great palm, and in that moment everything flooded back—all the hatred and all the fear, and the depth of a merciless resolve to kill my father rather than allow my father to kill me. . . .⁹

Baldwin's discovery of the hypocrisy of his father's faith leads to a realization of the hypocrisy of the entire Christian religion. He condemns Christianity for its falseness: "I really mean that there was no love in the

church. It was a mask for hatred and self-hatred and despair. The transfiguring power of the Holy Ghost ended when the service ended, and salvation stopped at the church door. When we were told to love everybody, I had thought that that meant *everybody*. But no. It applied only to those who believed as we did, and it did not apply to white people at all (57-8)." Baldwin's description of his hatred toward his father, particularly the words "flooded back" and "depth," suggests that something leads Baldwin to hate his father even before he discovers his hypocrisy. The last phrase, "rather than allow my father to kill me," shows that Baldwin feels threatened by his father. Baldwin's hatred of his father is an Oedipal hatred, a hatred which involves so much guilt that Baldwin uses the excuse of his father's hypocrisy as a reason for hating him.

Baldwin's reaction to the relationship between Elijah Muhammad and the women who surround him suggests an Oedipal conflict between father and son. Baldwin writes: "He teased the women, like a father, with no hint of that ugly and unctuous flirtatiousness I knew so well from other churches . . . (87)." Since Baldwin's father is a preacher, perhaps his feelings of repulsion at the flirtatiousness of the clergy around women stem partly from similar behavior of his father around his mother. This repulsion could be a result of his own Oedipal desire to be flirtatious around his mother, ultimately, to marry her. Repulsion could be a device used by the son to disguise hate for the rival father.

Baldwin suggests an Oedipal tie between mother and son in his relationship with the female minister. When he first meets this woman, she is dressed in robes, as one might imagine Mary, mother of Christ—clearly a maternal figure. She is approximately the same age as the reader might imagine Baldwin's mother. When she asks, "Whose little boy are you?" the child replies, "Why, yours," which implies that he views her as a mother (44). It is significant that his first relationship with the church is through this woman; a young boy's first physical relationships are almost always with a fondling, caressing mother. Baldwin reacts to her sermons with adoration: ". . . when this woman had finished preaching, everything came roaring, screaming, crying out, and I fell to the ground before the altar (44)." This scene reminds the reader of the prostrate male falling to the ground before his lover, of the traditional kneeling position of the male when proposing. Perhaps Baldwin's need for a "gimmick" to place himself out of peril (38) is really a need for an affectionate, attentive mother; thus, he turns to the female minister.

Other parts of the Oedipal pattern in *The Fire Next Time* can be introduced by briefly returning to the Oedipus story. Oedipus' father, Laius, attempts to rid himself of the threat of the infant son by piercing the child's ankles and instructing a shepherd to abandon him in the wilderness. This piercing of the ankles suggests the desire of the father to thwart the sexual

powers of the son, thus, a symbolic castration. Although Baldwin's father feels threatened by his son, there is no evidence of any effort to deprive the son of his sexual powers. Baldwin implies there is no need for his father to attempt to do this because white society accomplishes, or attempts to accomplish, the task for him. For example, white American males feel threatened by the Negro in the same way a father feels threatened by the son; namely, they view the Negro as a threat to their sexual success. Baldwin discusses the need of the American male to feel sexually secure: "You must put yourself in the skin of a [black] man . . . who knows that the white G.I. has informed the Europeans that he is subhuman (so much for the American male's sexual security); who does not dance at the U.S.O. the night white soldiers dance there . . . (76)" In other words, because the white American male does not want the challenge of sexual competition presented by the Negro, he forbids him to enter places where conflict could occur. Baldwin even suggests that the white man's masculinity depends upon a denial of the masculinity of the blacks (105). Thus, white society can be viewed collectively as a threatened Oedipal father who attempts to rid himself of the threat of the son by forbidding the Negro to compete with him sexually.

In *The Fire Next Time* Baldwin openly expresses the desire to kill his father. Although he does not ultimately do this, his thoughts express the desire: "I spent most of my time in a state of repentance for things I had vividly desired to do but had not done (52-3)." Society's condemnation of murder might force Baldwin to feel guilty even when dreaming of such a murder. Society demands that Baldwin find another way to deal with his father. He chooses the church.

The first significant decision which Baldwin makes in dealing with his father is to join a church other than the one in which his father preaches. This decision shows the son's desire to break away from his father, to achieve a new, personal status. Baldwin associates his early career as a minister with power: "Nothing that has happened to me since equals the power and the glory that I sometimes felt when, in the middle of a sermon, I knew that I was somehow, by some miracle, really carrying, as they said, 'the Word'—when the church and I were one (50)." Baldwin clearly indicates this power is not only a feeling of power over the congregation, but also a feeling of power over his father. He surpasses his father in religious fervor: "My youth quickly made me a much bigger drawing card than my father. I pushed this advantage ruthlessly, for it was the most effective means I had found of breaking his hold over me. . . . I could not be interrupted—not even by my father. I had immobilized him (48-9)." Since society does not allow Baldwin to fulfill his desire to kill his father, he overcomes him by surpassing him in his own profession.

Baldwin's conclusions at the end of *The Fire Next Time* might not

seem directly related to the break from his father. But this break is necessary in order for him to reason, to become more than an internalization of his father's standards. Baldwin suggests the basic Oedipal family problem must be solved before a man is able to concentrate on other issues, to make conclusions at all. He says of his father: "The battle between us was in the open, but that was all right; it was almost a relief. A more deadly struggle had begun (55)." This remark shows Baldwin's feeling of relief at the expression of long-repressed hatred for his father, a feeling of a mind free to think about the struggle of the Negro in America.

FOOTNOTES

¹ Sigmund Freud, *A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis* (New York, 1924), p. 216.

² James Baldwin, *The Fire Next Time* (New York, 1963), p. 54. All subsequent references to this edition are parenthetical.

Rhet as Writ

It would be very cruel to decapitate a person finger by finger.

* * *

School was dismissed for the day mostly because the girls had to get their hair and odds and ends fixed.

* * *

Invective means having a strong force in a certain direction. "What type of education do you want for your dear children in these United States?" would be a rhetorical, invective conclusion to an argument.

* * *

Parents, too, are beginning to look with favor at having relations before marriage.

* * *

At this point, I would like to say that as far as value goes, I think the story is worthless. Maybe I am putting the horse before the cart when I say this, because I have not given any evidence to prove it.

* * *

Though she disliked her husband, she continued to live with him. Tom was the only man that really fit her.

* * *

In spite of this objection, John did not lack for mistresses. He had two that were public knowledge, and many others that were of private knowledge.

* * *

A girl's hips and thighs should taper into her legs.

* * *

The "Pill" is almost 100% effective, while other forms, other than abortion, rate 98% or less.

* * *

A person who really wants to go is much more likely to get more out of college than anyone else. This does not necessarily mean in the field of having a lot of fun and all good times, but in the way of knowledge, wisdom, maturity, and even, fun.

* * *

I have an inclined broad in the basement along with a set of weights that I use for my purposes.

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner

MARLA BRAVERMAN

Rhetoric 102

ON THANKSGIVING DAY ALMOST EVERY AMERICAN family carves into frozen turkey rolls and scoops out canned cranberries, but few pause to remember the brave settlers' thankfulness for their first harvest in a strange new land. Therefore, in order to find the true meaning of Thanksgiving, perhaps we should return to that little suburb near Plymouth where one of the humble colonists has just returned to his tiny cabin after a hard day's toil:

"I'm home, Prudence."

"Goodness, James, what on earth is that thing you have in your hand?"

"Oh, it's just a turkey that my ninepins team won today."

(Prudence looks at it with disgust.) "Who's going to clean it, anyway?"

"Aw Prude, it's a prize. And I thought it would be a nice gesture so I invited the Placid Bulls to come over next Thursday to share it."

(Prudence is dumfounded.) "You did *what*?"

"Come on, Prude, they're our neighbors. Besides, we can't eat this big bird by ourselves."

"Honestly, James, sometimes I just don't understand you. Do you mean that you invited a bunch of Indians to come over without any consideration of their bare feet and my clean dirt floor?"

"Not Indians, dear—Reds. They want to be called *Reds*. They're very touchy about that, you know."

"Reds, schmeds—they're savages. They can't even take care of their own land while we have already cleared a forest, dammed a stream, and got rid of a lot of pesky animals. And we've been here only a year."

"Aw Prude, didn't they help us when we had the big drought during planting time?"

"Oh sure—it took us two weeks to drain the basement."

"So they got carried away—you know how rhythmic they are. Once they get started with those drums and beads. . ."

(Prudence is hysterical by this time.) "I don't want Little Bear and his damn loincloth near my Charity."

"For God's sake, Prude, they're only four years old."

"Well, she's beginning to ask questions anyway. And do you know what Miss Faith down at the schoolhouse told the ladies at the husking circle?" (She lowers her voice.) "Little Bear actually wants to rattle his beads during catechism."

"But that's just his way to tell his Great Spirit—"

"It's *his* Great Spirit, not *mine*. We should keep those heretics away from our children. We should give them bows and arrows and send them back to the forest."

(James absentmindedly muses.) "The New Salem Gazette says they're going to have a big fire sale on Main Street tomorrow. Do you think we should take the kids?"

"Don't change the subject. Besides, the last time we went you were sick all the way home."

(James hastily changes his subject.) "Look dear, I've already invited them and I can't go back on my promise." (He tries to be helpful.) "Mrs. Bull said she would bake your favorite corn mash."

(Prudence hesitates for a few moments, then sighs.) "Oh all right, I give in. Why did you choose Thursday, anyway?"

"I thought we could avoid the weekend rush."

"Well, at least that will give me time to hide the silver. I wonder if Charity could fit down the well?" (She glances at James' watch.) "Goodness, James, you better give me that bird and hitch up the horse. You don't want us to be late for our prayer meeting. Miss Faith is going to present a special prayer to demonstrate our moral support for those poor persecuted people back in England."

Skippping Kindergarten

ROBERT COOPER

Rhetoric 102

MISS AGATHA BOYD NERVOUSLY ADJUSTED THE SMALL garnet ring on her right hand as she commanded her kindergarten class to sit around the green circle painted on the wooden floor of room 115 in Lincoln School. The assembled group of thirty young children laughingly obliged while two boys threw crayons at each other. "Silence," cried Miss Boyd, her shrill voice causing the strings on the upright piano to vibrate. "Class, please find your assigned partners. We are now going to dance to 'Here We Go Loopty-Loo.'"

A small five year old boy with his left shoe untied walked across the diameter of the circle to find his partner, Lisa Rawlings, a Bobby Hull clad in red jumper and sausage curls. The forty-eight pound lad looked up at the young lady who dwarfed him. "Ready class," sang Agatha Boyd,

"Here we go Loopty-Loo . . . here we go Loopty-Lie." The spinster's spidery fingers wove across the keyboard as the young dancers skipped with their partners. All skipped except Lisa's partner, James Larson, whose feet were moving but never touched the ground as his much stronger partner whirled him through the air.

"Stop, let's stop the music," pleaded Miss Boyd with a line she borrowed from Jimmy Durante. "What's the matter, James? Why aren't you skipping? Little Lisa is skipping."

"But I *am* skipping," whimpered the small lad as he wiped his nose on the sleeve of his navy blue sweater.

"Oh no you are *not*, young man. I simply do not know what we are going to do with you. How do you expect to get into the first grade?"

Jim's brown eyes began to water. "But I *was* skip . . ." His voice cracked.

Miss Boyd called Jim over to her wooden desk as she meticulously wrote a note to his mother requesting that Mrs. Larson come next Monday and discuss Jim's progress in kindergarten. Agatha Boyd recapped her fountain pen and pinned the note to Jim's sweater.

The following Monday Mrs. Larson walked into room 115 and was told of her son's problem. "I don't know what we are going to do with James," explained Miss Boyd. "He simply cannot skip. I'm afraid this will impair his total progress since creative dance forms an integral part of the pre-primary curriculum." Mrs. Larson looked somewhat surprised and explained that not only did her son skip, but ran, jumped, hopped, and did everything else five year old boys did.

"Oh, I'm afraid you're wrong on that skipping part," answered Miss Boyd confidently. "Watch as the class performs 'Loopty-Loo.'" The spidery fingers played the familiar tune as Lisa Rawlings exuberantly whirled James through the air.

Upon the completion of the dance Miss Boyd smiled in a confident I-told-you-so manner. "I think you may have made a mistake in assigning partners," commented Mrs. Larson. "James, show Miss Boyd that you can skip. Skip around this green circle."

Miss Boyd nervously adjusted her garnet ring as the boy merrily skipped around the familiar circle. "I am sorry I troubled you, Mrs. Larson," said Miss Boyd softly, her face reddening with embarrassment. There was no reply since Mrs. Larson, feeling triumphant, had left the room. James was still skipping around the circle, confident he would pass into the first grade. Miss Boyd, however, was writing a letter to the principal. "*The current progress of James Larson is unsatisfactory. It would be extremely beneficial if he remained in my class for another year.*" Agatha Boyd carefully blotted the last sentence, recapped her fountain pen, and smiled to herself.

The Tie That Binds

DON KURTZ

Rhetoric 108

THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THE NECK-tie; I knew this as I gazed at the yellow and violet circles glowing in the long white box. The feeling it might somehow be valuable, however, stayed with me as I approached the exchange counter of the department store. But after some further deliberation the tie seemed just too brash, too overdone, and too gaudy for anyone to wear, so I approached the counter with a set mind. My mind was so set that I scarcely noticed the stranger behind me whispering in my ear.

At home an hour later I could not believe what had happened at the store. I had gone to exchange a tie and now had the opportunity to exchange my American citizenship for a fine living, a home anywhere in the world, and a private yacht. The stranger, an eccentric multi-billionaire, was offering me this strange choice. All my material desires would be satisfied if I would agree simply to forfeit my citizenship and leave the United States, never to return again. I was to return to the store that day with my decision, and after my first wave of desires subsided, I vowed to study the question rationally.

I was reasonably certain that I could live with freedom and comfort in any of several different countries, such as Australia, Canada, and Great Britain. In that case, loyalty to one's country was a little silly, because a country seemed just an arbitrary collection of humans, and I should feel no more shame in canceling my United States citizenship than I would in dropping out of the Tuesday Night Square Dance Club. With a very comfortable existence assured, I would certainly not need Social Security or Medicare, which I would have to pay for anyway. There was also the chance I might be killed in war as further payment of my debt to America. If a job were offered overseas, I knew I might leave the country anyway. The exchange of my citizenship for wealth and ease seemed a better deal than anything I had expected when I went to trade the tie.

The thought of my tie made me consider the alternative positions. Was a yacht a suitable substitute for my citizenship? I found it hard to justify the trade of something I had held more or less sacred—whether I had rationally believed it sacred or not—for purely material benefits. I could lie to Uncle Sid, who had given me the tie, but it was hard to lie to the thousands of Americans killed in wars, or to the local "Save the Redwoods" crusader. With anger I rejected this sentimental approach and resumed my deliberation.

Rationally it was at least possible for me to gain this material wealth

in the United States without accepting the offer in question. I could train myself for a profession and struggle to get to the top, but hard work did not seem particularly desirable when compared with comfort and ease. Many elements of good citizenship demanded my time, and war would demand much more. Was the United States worth giving up my time and possibly my life to remain a citizen?

Citizenship itself did not seem such a fine possession. It was an essentially valueless gift as far as price was concerned. Yet many people worked years for it, and many died to preserve citizenship as they knew it. The Supreme Court even ruled that loss of citizenship is a "cruel and unusual punishment," while loss of life is not. Why was citizenship so prized by Americans?

The United States seemed a disorderly country at best. The people were friendly enough if one happened to have the same political convictions. The streets were safe enough, if one walked in daylight with a friend. Still, Americans had some strange pride and fierce brashness that made them revere a melting pot that wasn't quite hot enough. They were gaudy in everything they did, from their neon crosses to their bargain pre-engagement rings. Only an American could make a yellow and violet necktie, and only an American would be unsure of himself when he had a chance to exchange it.

But I did not exchange it. Brashness and gaudiness were a part of me, and in another country I would never see a person wearing a gaudy yellow and violet necktie who was brash enough to be proud of it. I was proud as I left the store wearing my tie, and paused only to slap a stranger on the back, with a loud "Hi Pal." I never saw his fist coming.

Another man came by soon and helped me to my feet. As I tried desperately to straighten the images in my eyes, he looked at the blood dripping down my chest and said, "I'm afraid your tie's ruined, buddy." Even while mumbling thanks through the thick, salty taste that flowed in my mouth I knew he was wrong. The tag on the tie read, "Fully Machine Washable."

The Sketchbook

Looking at him, I see the features of a boy of fifteen years. His trunk is thin; his legs lanky. Long arms with large flat hands rest on the desk. His sandy brown hair is cropped short except for the few strands curling on his forehead. Under the forehead are two invisible eyes masked by a pair of glasses. Smoky gray frames add to the dullness of the face. The slightly protruding ears highlight the length of his frail face, which is unmarked by sideburns, and reveals no trace of a beard. A short, tilted nose lies too far above the mouth. A hand reaches up. A fist knocks on the mouth as if trying to strike a thought into the mind. . . .

—CAROL KANT

The Battered Bard

MARLA BRAVERMAN

Rhetoric 102

YOU HAVE ONLY TO MENTION SHAKESPEARE'S *HAMLET* to receive the inevitable hushed query: "Have you seen the Laurence Olivier version?" Yes, I have seen that film more than once, and I pity every school child who is forced to view it as a great masterpiece. The film is completely Mr. Olivier's creation, his claim to knighthood, and the poor playwright is not even around to object.

While trying to create a classic film for the masses, Olivier washes all of the symmetry and beauty out of a rich tapestry of plot, theme, and characterization. In order to simplify Shakespeare for the modern groundlings, even the words are altered, except, of course, for the "famous quotes" which are preceded by a fanfare, and followed by a meaningful silence long enough to permit the audience's inevitable murmur of recognition and approval.

Any transfer of Shakespeare from the stage to the screen involves a fragile, but rewarding balance between rich Renaissance trappings and simple modern interpretations. But Olivier discards Elizabethan splendors and the only hint of that lively era is in the long dresses and stuffed doublets. The simple but elegant Elizabethan music is replaced by a stiff commentary from a string section. His idea of atmosphere includes a detailed tour of a moldy castle, an intensive scan of three royal chairs, and a monotonous view of a rolling sea, complete with fog and smoke, which is a beautiful Hitchcock maneuver without Hitchcock's sense of unity.

Although the scenes, which are released from the stage's physical limitations, should flow, Olivier, probably thinking of the Late Show's commercial habits, indiscriminately chops them up. Speeches such as Ophelia's dutiful account of her first encounter with the "mad" Hamlet and Gertrude's dramatic rendition of Ophelia's death are made into ridiculous scenes, incoherently scattered through the film. Soliloquies, apparently considered an awkward, ancient theater device, are not spoken but recorded and pantomimed: thus, Olivier's "To be, or not to be," is a long series of grimaces.

But these are only technicalities which should not necessarily affect Hamlet's universal character and Shakespeare's universal themes. Olivier, however, lumps these together in his "profound" prologue: "This is the tragedy of a man who could not make up his mind." Having efficiently dismissed any complications, he directly proceeds to his favorite pastime which is acting. Instead of an intense intellectual whose mind seizes and examines, Olivier creates a self-conscious schoolboy whose subconscious enjoys an Oedipus complex. Olivier certainly lets his audience know he is feeling his great part: his only two sincere movements occur when he

kisses Ophelia's hair during the "nunnery" scene and when he pats the head of the play actor's poodle.

The other characters, like Olivier's Hamlet, are also shallow. Ophelia is like any other Ophelia except that her mannequinned straw wig perfectly matches Olivier's dyed blond hair, which, I suppose, is true love. Polonius is a dreary old man whose best scene is played behind the arras. Horatio is the wholesome all-American boy and Laertes is the wholesome all-American boy who has turned sour. Gertrude is sexy but stupid. Claudius is a sticky Danish pastry. They deserve each other.

In addition to this lack of dimension is a lack of humor. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are truly dead in this play and their absence removes much of the ironic humor. It is this lack of the bawdy and tender Elizabethan spirit which reduces a 1601 side of mutton and a tankard of ale to a 1948 plate of corned beef hash and a glass of powdered milk.

"Jesus Christ and the American Eagle"

A Play

HARRY M. TIEBOUT, III

Rhetoric 108

THE PLAYERS: John R. Wilton, Ruth Wilton—*His wife*, Judith Wilton—*Their daughter*, 16, and Dwight Macdonald—*Guest Star*

[SCENE I: *John Wilton is driving home from the office where he has spent another Day. As he turns into his home street, Greenbriar Drive, he looks at the neat lawns, the large houses, the expensive cars parked in the drive-ways.*] "Sure is a great place to raise kids!" [*He looks again at the tidy yards and well-maintained homes.*] "Great neighbors!" [*He pulls into his drive, pushes a button which automatically opens the garage door, and parks the car inside.*]

[SCENE II: *Inside the living room of the lovely "Early American" home of the Wiltons. A leather armchair resides in one corner (possibly Ben Franklin sat in such a chair as he reasoned out theories of electricity), a wooden rocking chair (actually "aged" by modern scientific processes to be at least one hundred years old) sits by the red brick fireplace, with a black, cast-iron eagle (eye gleaming proudly) above the mantel. JRW enters, removes short-brimmed hat, puts briefcase down by the door, and hangs umbrella in closet.*] "I'm home, Dear!" [*His wife comes running to give him a big "Welcome home, Dear" kiss.*] JRW [*Noticing Ruth's skimpy, hopefully sexy housedress*] "GRRR!"

[SCENE III: *The living room. Dinner is over, and the Wiltons are talking. JRW is wearing a Lebanese smoking jacket (to go with his Turkish pipe, which, as one can readily tell by the words "Made in Turkey" stamped on the stem, is far superior to any American pipe.) He is ready for a pleasant evening of Whatever with his charming wife and daughter. Judith enters, puts to one side a picture of Martha Washington sewing the 50th star on the flag, and hangs up a mixed-media picture of Jesus Christ with a crew-cut sitting on top of the cross, pinning dollar bills onto his body with miniature American flags.*]

JRW: "Aackk! Where did *that* come from?"

Judith: [Proudly] "I made it. You may not like it now, but keep looking at it. I think you'll really get to like it!"

JRW: [Indignantly] "Don't be ridiculous! I can tell right now I *don't* like it. I liked the one that *was* there much better. This *thing* [pointing to her latest creation] doesn't have the same appeal as the other one. It doesn't communicate a . . ." [But his words are interrupted by a deafening CRASH! as Dwight Macdonald comes bursting through the door. DM has never looked so happy. Here, in the Wilton home, is another chance for him to damn all that is not high culture.]

JRW: [Surprised, needless to say] "What in . . ."

DM: "I've come to save you from something you don't even recognize as a problem."

JRW: [Confused] "*What?*"

DM: [Bluntly] "You, sir, are a victim of The Built-in Reaction."

JRW: [Offended] "How do you mean that?"

DM: "I mean you seem completely unable to interpret your surroundings beyond what they tell you. Because of this you only become involved in things which tell you what response you're supposed to have. *This*, [tearing the eagle from above the mantel] for example! You bought this purely because when you look at it, it squawks 'Early American, EARLY AMERICAN!' You've neither judged its aesthetic value nor determined its authenticity. You're assuming culture where there is none!"

Ruth: [Greatly disturbed] "Are you implying we have no Culture? Why, we had one of the finest interior decorators from Chicago do this room."

DM: "Most unfortunate, I would say. Because this entire room is an example of The Built-in Reaction. And that painting of Martha Washington . . ." [He pauses, chuckling.]

Ruth: [Even more disturbed] "What's wrong with that painting? We talked to the artist, and he said he painted it with a home such as ours in mind."

JRW: "Right! And as I was about to say earlier, that painting has class. You have to have taste to appreciate a work of art like that. It

communicates a patriotic message. You aren't a Communist or something, are you?"

DM: [Somewhat annoyed] "Mr. Wilton, you fail to see my point. A *child* would recognize this painting is patriotic. How can you say it takes taste to appreciate it when I can pull a drunken bum off the street and ask him what he thinks of it and he'll recite the Pledge of Allegiance."

JRW: [Outraged] "Now wait just a minute!"

DM: "Don't you understand? Anyone can tell what that painting is about. Everyone responds to it in the same way. It has a Built-in Reaction." [Pointing to Judith's picture] "What about that?"

JRW: "Aw come on! Are you trying to tell me that piece of trash is *Culture*?"

DM: "Not necessarily, but it has a far greater chance of being part of culture than does Martha Washington sewing. Now what does this picture mean to you? Think about that too, Mrs. Wilton."

JRW: [After a reflective pause] "I think that's fairly obvious. It's a symbol of youth [he looks at Judith] rejecting religion. It represents the death of God."

DM: "How about you, Mrs. Wilton?"

Ruth: [Sheepishly at first] "Well, I do hate to disagree with John, but with those dollar bills and all, I think the picture shows how man's constant concern for money and material things is destroying him."

DM: "Understand? Both of you have a different response, yet neither of you has fully explained the picture. Why *American* flags? Why does Christ have a crew-cut? Why does he sit on the cross instead of running away? Everybody has his own interpretation of it because it doesn't *have* a Built-in Reaction."

Ruth: "So you're trying to tell me that because this room has a Built-in Reaction it isn't Culture?" [She is distressed by the implications of her own words.]

DM: "How *can* it be? Everything in this room is stereotyped. Eagles, Martha Washington, stained wood finish. This room was furnished for the Built-in Reaction it would produce, not for the sake of being 'Early American.' If you bothered to do a little work yourselves, you might be able to find out what early American homes were really like. Then, after redecorating this room, you might not even have an eagle or a picture of Martha Washington. People who walked in here might not even interpret it as Early American because it wouldn't have any Built-in Reaction. Think about that."

[DM, without further oration, happily leaves the house. The Wiltons gaze at each other a few moments, then discuss the possibility of redecorating the living room.]

Ruth: [Enthusiastically] "Oh, John! This time let's make it Oriental. I saw an article in *Life* magazine about. . ."

AWARDS

THE CALDRON will continue its policy of giving awards to the writers of the five best themes in each issue. The winners will be selected by the votes of the members of the freshmen rhetoric staff.

The schedule of awards is as follows:

- First: Fifteen dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Second: Ten dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Third: Five dollars and five dollars worth of books
- Fourth: Five dollars worth of books
- Fifth: Five dollars worth of books



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THE GREEN CALDRON

FALL, 1969

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The Green Caldron is published each October and February by the Rhetoric Staff of the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. Material is chosen from contributions submitted by university writers and artists. Permission to publish is obtained for full compositions, including those published anonymously. Parts of compositions, however, may be published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of *The Green Caldron* are Rosemarie Abendroth, Harold Blair, Marsha McCreadie, Philippe Perebinosoff, Donald Rude, Harold Walsh, and Mel Storm, editor.

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PUBLISHED BY THE R. F. COLWELL PRINTING CORP.
CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF
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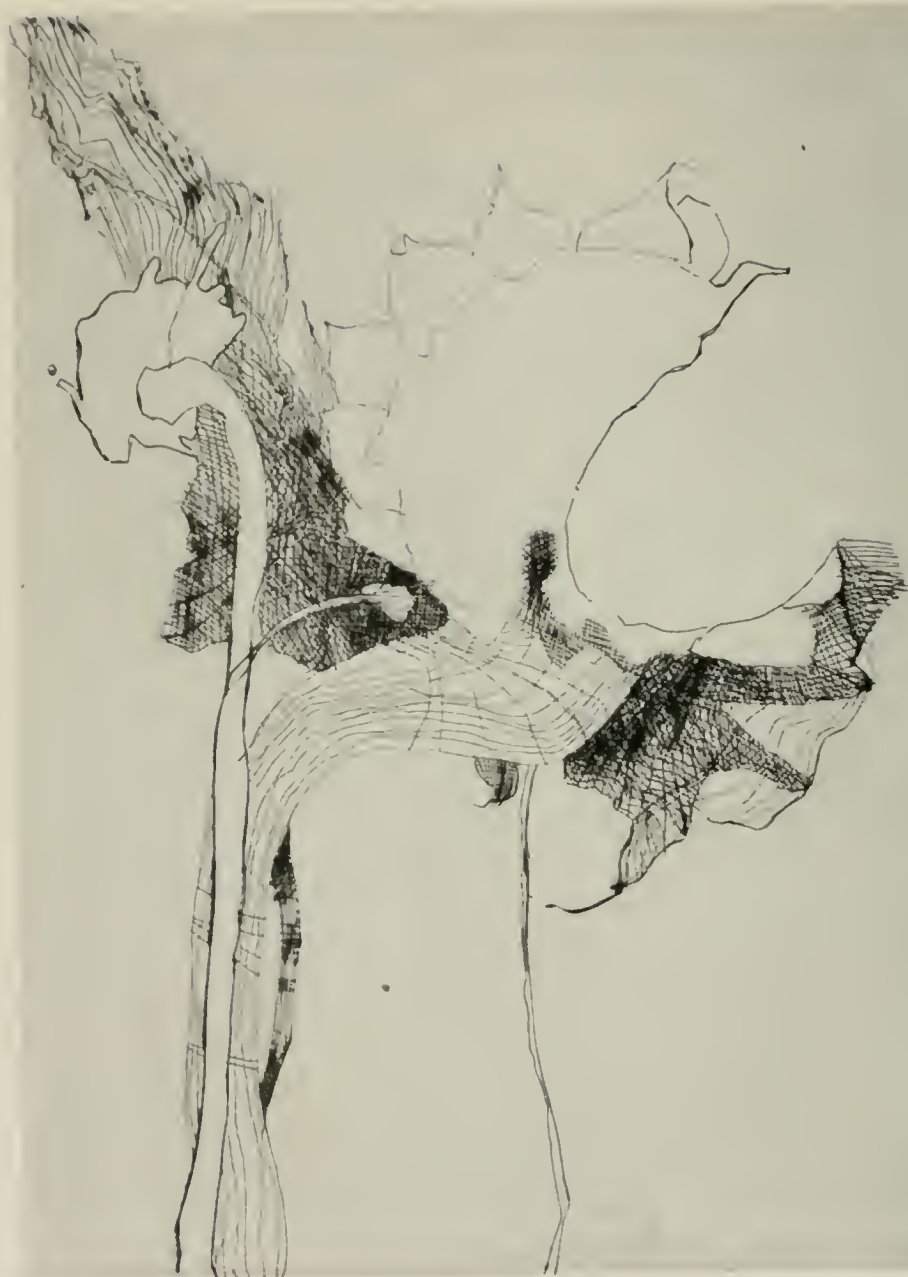
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Volume 38, Number 1
Fall, 1969
University of Illinois at
Urbana-Champaign



Concerning Emerson's *Nature*

ANN C. TYLER

Emerson deals with two types of nature in his essay of that name: * common nature and philosophical nature. Common nature is nature apart from man. Philosophical nature involves nature's emotional effect on man. In the philosophical sense man can not be separated from nature and still be a "feeling" man.

Nature in the common sense:

p.2

space is
avoid;
nowair = pure is an
d; clear river sar
avap
e(w) here
ism an?t- here isn' one

p.33 a man possessing great insight rose with the sun
one morning
and following the pre-designated schedule,
which had appeared under his horoscope
went to commune with nature
the purpose of a communal being
to see what one can see
(for so the expression goes
and does not change)
so the watcher took high-power binoculars
in order to miss nothing
and he did
even though he forgot his glasses
but these trivials are unimportant
compared to the ecstasy felt
on tackling the all-outdoors
which lasted until the unforeseen downfall,
occurring when the traveler came upon a clear pond
and could not find his reflection anywhere
causing great alarm and a quickening homeward pace
to consult once more
his horoscope

* Page references are to *Nature* as printed in the Crofts Classics edition, Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Five Essays on Man and Nature*, ed. Robert E. Spiller (New York, 1954), pp. 1-40.

What It Means to be Black in White America: An Analysis of Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice*

LYNN CHERIE ISHIDA

Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice** encompasses a remarkable range of ideas and opinions. Yet the theme Cleaver wishes to convey is evident: unless the blacks are given true "equality" through recognition and action on the part of both blacks and whites toward a new view of the black situation, socially, politically, and economically, the "soul" of America will indeed remain "on ice."

It must be understood that Cleaver writes in what is primarily a stream of consciousness style, very emotional in tone and extremely personal in thought. His writing reflects such an intense sensitivity that he is able to express love and hate with equal impact. Searching for his identity, Cleaver is trying neither to win converts to his side nor to promote antagonism; he is merely attempting to write "to save . . . himself" (p. 15). He is facing the problem of "what it mean[s] to be black in white America" (p. 3), and telling it, as he views the situation, for blacks and whites alike.

Within the safety of his Folsom Prison cell—"once inside my cell, I feel safe" (p. 42)—Cleaver first feels a growing lack of identity. "I felt I was losing my identity. There was a deadness in my body that eluded me, as though I could not exactly locate its site. I would be aware of this numbness, this feeling of atrophy, and it haunted the back of my mind. Because of this numb spot, I felt peculiarly off balance,

the awareness of something missing, of a blank spot, a certain intimation of emptiness" (pp. 24-25). He sees himself in relation to the twenty million blacks in the United States and recognizes the reality of their position and the influence of the myth of white supremacy on the blacks.

The first incidence at Soledad Prison which awakens Cleaver is the ripping to shreds of the poster of his imaginary bride—a pinup girl from *Esquire* magazine—by the white prison guard. Realizing for the first time that he has "chosen the picture of the white girl over the available pictures of black girls" (p. 8), he is "fascinated by the truth involved" (p. 8). Yet, repudiating this truth, he "arrive[s] at the conclusion that, as a matter of principle, it was of paramount importance for me to have an antagonistic, ruthless attitude toward white women" (p. 13), and becomes a disillusioned rapist.

When he returns to prison—this time Folsom Prison—he proceeds to self-educate himself, clearly focusing on the black dilemma. Spurred by the death of Malcolm X, a former prisoner with whom Cleaver identifies and who becomes a "symbol of hope" (p. 58), he espouses Malcolm's views in opposition to Elijah Muhammad because "what was great was not Malcolm X but the truth he uttered" (p. 59). And with all sincerity he asserts, "We shall have our manhood. We shall have it or the earth will be leveled by our attempts to gain it" (p. 61).

*(New York: McGraw-Hill, 1968.)

This subduing of black manhood—black masculinity—Cleaver finds apparent in the absence of Negro leadership. His main focus of attention is the boxing ring, specifically the Muhammad Ali-Patterson fight. As Cleaver views it:

There is no doubt that white America will accept a black champion, applaud and reward him, as long as there is no "white hope" in sight. But what white America demands in her black champions is a brilliant, powerful body and a dull, bestial mind. . . . And for a black king of boxing the boundaries of his kingdom are sharply circumscribed by the ropes around the ring (p. 92).

With the advent of Muhammad Ali, however, America reached a new level of truth. Previously the whites held the strings of the black puppet fighters' public lives and maneuvered them to fit their desired image. "But when the ape breaks from the leash, beats with deadly fists upon his massive chest and starts talking to boot, proclaiming himself to be the greatest, spouting poetry, and annihilating every gunbearer the white hunter sics on him . . . , a very serious slippage takes place in the white man's self-image—because that by which he defined himself no longer has a recognizable identity" (pp. 93-4). Muhammad Ali, heeding Elijah Muhammad's call to resurrect the Lazarus, the Negro, from his grave, was the ape who conquered an unheeding Lazarus, a puppet being controlled by whites. And with this victory there advanced a step toward Negro liberation:

Yes, the Louisville Lip is a loudmouthed braggart. Yes, he is a Black Muslim racist, staunch enough in the need of his beliefs to divorce his wife for not adopting his religion; and firing his trainer, who taught him to "float like a butterfly and sting like a bee," for the same reason. But he is also a "free" man, determined not to be a white man's puppet even though he fights to entertain them; determined to be autonomous in his private life and a true king of his realm in public, and he is exactly that (p. 96).

Cleaver continues to view the black di-

lemma in terms of politics and economics, and feels that changes are needed to promote black leadership in these areas. Domestic and international laws of America are white power tools. Goaded by the police and National Guard forces, the blacks resort to violence, as demonstrated in the Watts riots, to gain leadership. Yet, Cleaver says, "In their rage against the police, against police brutality, the blacks lose sight of the fundamental reality: that the police are only an instrument for the implementation of the policies of those who make the decision. Police brutality is only one facet of the crystal of terror and oppression. Behind police brutality there is social brutality, economic brutality, and political brutality" (p. 133).

Perhaps the central focus of black suppression, however, is evident in the sexual relationship of blacks and whites. Cleaver relates the conversation of a black Lazarus who says, "Every time I embrace a black woman I'm embracing slavery, and when I put my arms around a white woman, well, I'm hugging freedom" (p. 160). The reason behind this is that the white "Omnipotent Administrator," who has access to both the white and black women, has denied the black "Supermasculine Menial" access to the white woman—"The stem of the Body, the penis, must submit to the will of the Brain" (p. 165).

Nevertheless, Cleaver sees that this is not the solution, for "It only drove the truth underground" (p. 165). He expands on the individual roles of the blacks and whites: the Omnipotent Administrator is at the head of the Class Society because his power is based on the development of his mind. The Supermasculine Menial is thus associated with the body—virility, strength, and physical power. The counterpart of the Omnipotent Administrator, the Ultrafeminine, must be so to promote her man's masculinity: "*Even though her man is effeminate, she is required to possess and project an*

image that is in sharp contrast to his, more sharply feminine than his, so that the effeminate image of her man can still, by virtue of the sharp contrast in degrees of femininity, be perceived as masculine" (p. 181). This fact relegates the sub-feminine female to the position of Amazon, alienated from her feminine component.

The effect of these roles is based on the fact that "the sexual act . . . is a joint venture of the Mind and Body" (p. 185). Thus, the Supermasculine Menial, seeking the mind of which he has been robbed—"The struggle of his life is for the emancipation of his mind, to receive recognition for the products of his mind, and official recognition of the fact that he has a mind" (p. 186)—recoils from the strength of the Amazon and desires the Ultrafeminine. The Ultrafeminine, in turn, seeks a strong body to counteract the weak one, and not finding it in the Omnipotent Administrator, finds it in the Supermasculine Menial. Meanwhile, the Omnipotent Administrator seeks virility and envies the physical power of the Supermasculine Menial. In his aversion to the Ultrafeminine, whom he suspects of attempting to promote his masculinity, he unconsciously tries to conceal his aversion and ostentatiously worships the Ultrafeminine. Finally, the Amazon, bereft of her femininity, is attracted both by the mind of the Omnipotent Administrator and by the body of the Supermasculine Menial—she views each as only half a man.

The struggle then, as Cleaver views it, is "America's attempt to unite its Mind with its Body, to save its soul" (p. 203). He finds hope in his people:

The Supermasculine Menial and the Amazon are the least alienated from the biological chain, although their minds—especially the Supermasculine Menials'!—are in a general state of underdevelopment. Still, they are the wealth of a nation, an abundant supply of unexhausted unde-essenced human raw material upon which the future of the society depends and with which, through the implacable march of history to an ever broader base of democracy and equality, the society will renew and transform itself (p. 190).

It is through this hope, this realization, that Cleaver is able to see his true identity, the role he must play to overcome the black dilemma. In his final essay, Cleaver pleads with the black woman to accept him as a new man after four hundred years of neglect. Together the black man and black woman "will build a New City on these ruins" (p. 210). Thus, Cleaver finds his identity: "What must be done, I believe, is that all these problems—particularly the sickness between the white woman and the black man—must be brought out into the open, dealt with and resolved" (p. 16). Indeed, the major purpose of *Soul on Ice* is to disclose the problem, and the final plea to the "Black Beauty" is an attempt to deal with it. All that remains is a resolution.

It was suggested that the university budget be cut instead of being increased as a punishment.

The angry bull was imagining my broken, mangled body at the foot of his head.

In this brave new world . . . promiscuity is encouraged; it is just another activity to fill the time. The object is to spread yourself around as much as possible.

Most adoptive parents are disappointed in their inability to have their own baby . . . Many of these people feel they have failed in their roll in life.

The William Tell Overture

PAMELA BROWN

In 1902, Cornelia Eliot was caught smoking in the cellar. Despite the fact that she was 34 years old, her husband sent her to her room.

Tackle works for girls too.

A dollar a month will keep her from starving.

Caution: cigarette smoking may be hazardous to your health.

"Made me so nervous I had to have another."

But L&Ms have the lowest tar and nicotine content of all best selling filter kings.

Every 10 seconds someone starves to death in Biafra.

Who's Who in America 1946-1948? "Oh where does time go?(decidedly sarcastically)"

Send me 33 weeks of Time and bill me \$3.97.

Army Officers Candidate School prepares you for leadership like no other school can.

It's irresistible.

Santo hit a home run today.

"And 46 Americans were killed in Viet Nam today."

"Do you even hear me?"

Clothe the animals

"And Daley too."

"And daily too."

There must be a Lone Ranger

Heard it thru the grapevine.

"My black mask is trampled in the grass."

"The most human desire is to be superhuman. The most human device is to appear so."

Bensen and Hedges last 7 minutes.

And every 10 seconds someone starves to death in Biafra.

"Dodge fever—it's quite common—I shouldn't worry about it."

Bic rites longer.

"Cascading winds gently blow

Thru 2-layer

Pinwheel minds.

Entombed in zinc

In Hyde Park Square

They are

On sun day mourning."

"We had a matron at school once who married a German after the war. She did not have many friends. And her husband went back to Germany."

The weather almost reached us today.

The temperature was 68 degrees 4 inches underground.

We put a new gadget on our gadget.

"Dammit! Biafrans need your help."

Health foods—True or False?

"Dammit! They don't need your money to live a better life—they need it to live at all."

The newest fashion flingout this side of Paris.

"The other man's grass is always goldier I guess."

Do you have to give up your identity to make it in a big corporation?

Mr. Weisbacker! The copy machine isn't working again.

We've got to stop fishing like St. Peter. (If he's still a saint)

a. International Nickel or b. Bethlehem Steel.

"At school once there was an epidemic of running away, the blame for which the headmistress put on the matron, who also ran away."

300 Mickey Mouse sweatshirts were captured in Viet Nam.

Hey—Who's Who in America 1966-1968?

You can make your name with Alphabits,

"In fact you will probably have to."

"'Guinness is good for you' and so is grass."

You can't take the country out of Salem.

"It seems you can take it out of just about every bloody thing else."

Discover the no-color Corn Silk.

"Go ahead—*Keep* America beautiful."

Love is the only strength which makes things one without destroying them.

In 1914 we fought the Germans and won. In 1942 we fought the Germans and won. Why are we messing around with Viet Nam when we can fight the Germans and win?

"Could be funny—maybe it is—maybe even Bessie Smith was funny too."

"Post-humorous laugh."

Softly blows the wind on its way to Hades.

"In history, I was trying to resurrect the human race. In nursing I will try to preserve some of what is left of it—sometimes I forget why."

"How are you?"

Tang is 3¢ off.

"The leaves are green."

We're celebrating the 70th anniversary of the S. S. Kresge Company.

"Can't you even see the leaves are green?"

The handsome quilted car seat covers are only \$5.86.

"Oh God! Don't sit on the grass, Sam!"

One dollar a month will keep her from starving.

Isn't there an easier way to earn my Canadian Club?

"White Capitalism" at work.

She's still starving. And the Biafrans. And the Indians. And the Chinese. And the Americans. And the Americans. And the Americans.

Love is the only strength which makes things one without destroying them.

"How deep depth

Since inches reflect.

Insight shallow

Into tomorrow.

Jade candle

Ivory handle.

Misty hollow

Looming gallows.

Where does time go—

God bloody knows.

Perhaps it dies

With things that grow

And melts with the snow.

So what—

Give a damn

But not your mind

Ne'mind.

Damn.

Cheers."

You've come a long way baby

"But where are you going?"

When You're Ten

Ten years old and all was well. The world was a giant playground. No worries or responsibilities. If a problem arose too big for me to handle, I could always turn to my parents. Parents are perfect when you're ten; they can do no wrong. They're wise and wonderful, and as a child in my parents' care I was safe and happy.

Summer days in Washington, D. C., were hot; the humidity was high. But they were carefree days. Between bike riding and ball-playing we used to raid cherry trees. We'd converge on every defenseless cherry tree in the neighborhood, pick and eat the ripe red cherries and then, stomachs filled, flee swiftly on our bikes. We would raid every tree, that is, except one.

On the corner of our block there stood a large church. Separated from the church by an alley was the dwelling of Widow Butler, known to us as "The Witch." Her telephone calls to my friends' parents—calls filled with malicious lies, telling of supposed wrong doings—had caused many a sore bottom. I was glad she had never had cause to phone my parents, although I knew they would see through her lies.

The dominant feature of the witch's den was the large cherry tree in the back yard. Enclosed by a high fence, that particular tree, whose cherries were bigger and redder than all the others, had always escaped our scavenging.

"Let's raid the witch's tree," someone boldly suggested.

"You think we should?"

"Man, suppose she catches us and tells our folks. My father would never stop whipping me."

I, too, was a little hesitant to go, not because I was afraid of getting a whipping, but because we had always raided trees belonging to people unknown to our parents. This was different.

"What's the matter, you scared? Nobody's gonna catch us. She might not even be home. You guys chicken or something?"

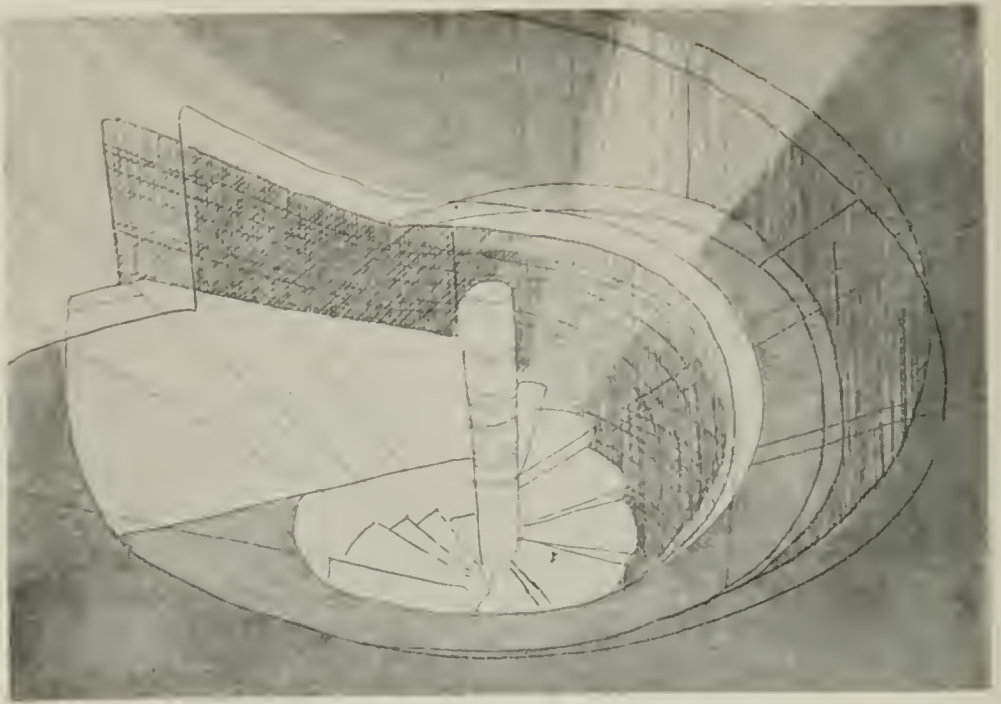
Chicken? No. Cautious? Yes. So we decided instead that a couple of us would approach her for permission to pick her cherries. As we sheepishly approached her porch she appeared abruptly and warmly greeted us.

"You God damn kids get the hell out of my yard."

We scampered from her yard and started back up the alley. Halfway home I saw my father coming toward me angrily. Why was he mad? What had I done? Had the witch called him? What had she said? He wouldn't be so mad if he knew the truth—that we were about to ask her if we could pick her cherries. She must have lied. Surely he would believe me when I told him the truth.

Without a word he angrily grabbed my arm and, lifting me half off my feet, led me back up the alley. I was beaten all the way home.

CHARLES W. QUICK, JR.



Among the Adamites

LOREN CURTIS

I don't remember how it was that I first heard about them, but it might well have been in that listening post of the University—the Union Commons. Whatever the exact circumstances, I have been aware for at least a year that there is a sect of Adamites worshipping here in Champaign. During that period of time, in response to one rumor after another, my attitude toward them has changed from disbelief to amusement to curiosity to I don't know what. This last state of uncertainty is the one in which I find myself at present, and in which I have been since last Saturday night, when I witnessed a complete Adamite church service.

It is not clear to me how, exactly, I came to attend a meeting of the Adamites, but I suppose it was a result of my curiosity and the sect's zeal for converts. In any case, after a few furtive and cryptic conversations with people whom I hardly knew,

I found myself being led down into the basement of Noyes Lab and into what seemed to be a steam tunnel. I noticed my guide was not one of the people with whom I had spoken during the week, but she (for it was a girl) had met me at the appointed spot on the steps of the Auditorium precisely at one a.m. and, in addition, seemed to know the way very well, so I saw no reason to distrust her. We stumbled along for a considerable time making one right-angle turn after another, and I soon found myself perspiring heavily because of the exercise and the fetid atmosphere of the tunnel. I supposed that I was being taken to the meeting by a circuitous route so that I could never lead the authorities to the meeting place if I were appalled by the Adamites' strange manner of worship. Finally, after what seemed like more than half an hour the way became brighter and I was soon led into a large sub-sub-basement

that served as a church for the Adamites. As she entered the room, my guide removed her raincoat. Beneath it she was wearing no clothes, and a look around at the dozens of other worshippers confirmed that at least part of what I had heard about the Adamites was correct. Not wishing to be conspicuous myself, I quickly began removing my own clothing. Apparently I still stood out, for by the time I reached the point of pulling off my socks a large bearded fellow approached and introduced himself as the group's Minister of Information. It was his job, he said, to look after newcomers and answer any questions they might have. He informed me that since this was my first meeting I would be allowed only to observe, and accordingly he led me off to a quiet corner. Adam Six, as the bearded fellow was called, stayed with me throughout the service, which lasted an hour or so, and from his answers I gathered some concrete knowledge about who the Adamites are and what they stand for.

Although no one knows how long the Adamites have existed as a religious movement, it has been at least since the beginning of Christianity. Their obscurity is probably a direct result of the more or less radical nature of their doctrine, and the consequent necessity of remaining secret. They believe that the purpose of religion is to return man to the state of innocence he enjoyed in the Garden of Eden before Eve encountered the serpent. In order to regain this innocence, they come together in large groups to celebrate the beauty of the naked human body, believing that clothing is an obvious sign of man's corruption. An important part of this celebration consists of men and women joining together in sexual intercourse for the purpose of mutual joy. In this regard every man is considered to be an Adam and every woman an Eve, a concept they interpret to mean that each man is entitled to carnal knowledge of whichever woman he chooses and that matrimonial pairs do not exist

when the group meets. In addition to this rather promiscuous pairing off of male and female there is a somewhat more formal aspect to the service. That is, there are a half-dozen or so Readers who each take a turn chanting the portions of Genesis which are relevant to the group and its beliefs. The ringing of a bell signals the conclusion of this, and the leader of the group, who is known as Adam One, delivers a brief sermon elaborating upon some point of their doctrine. (Last Saturday he spoke about the importance of staying in the present moment during love-making.) When he has finished there is a sort of general shouting and dancing about to the sound of a heavy drumbeat. After a few minutes of this excitement the bell rings again, ending the meeting. The worshippers then don their clothing and return to their homes.

As I was putting on my own clothes, Adam Six brought Adam One over and introduced him to me. After warning me that I must tell no one what I had seen and heard, he said that I should think very carefully about what it is that the Adamites stand for and decide whether or not I shared or could learn to share their beliefs. I said that I would do so and was told that I would be notified concerning the next meeting. My guide then reappeared wearing her raincoat and led me out the same long way we had come in.

Almost a week has gone by since I emerged from the tunnel. I haven't been contacted yet about another meeting with the Adamites, nor can I decide whether I want to attend another. I hoped that perhaps this period of waiting would have helped me reach some sort of decision, but it hasn't. Taking off my clothes and copulating with any woman of my choice is very appealing, and so is the possibility of regaining my lost innocence. Nevertheless I'm unable to escape the feeling that an apple a day really *does* keep the doctor away.

A Business Call

HARRY M. TIEBOUT, III

Poof! I was surprised; no, stunned. There, in the middle of my bed, stood a man in a business suit. "My God!" I gasped. "This is unreal! What in God's name do you want?" I looked up at him. He was standing almost on my stomach.

"Pardon me," he apologized, "a rather poor entrance, I must admit. Ah yes! What am I doing here?" He unfastened his brief case and extracted a black folder which he opened and handed to me. "As you can see" (and I could), "your time is up. According to our schedule, you are to pass away tonight of, shall we say, unknown causes." I was speechless. "There is a way, however, that you can prevent this dreadful occurrence." He failed to suppress a chuckle.

"Christ! I'll do anything! Just tell me what!"

"Well, you see, we're a bit short of volunteers" (for what, I wondered). "and I thought perhaps you would like to help us out." He glanced at me eagerly. "You can be part of an experiment!"

"You mean if I go along with you I won't die tonight?" I was not yet ready to accept death.

"Exactly. We're going to change your size. You can decide to be either two inches tall or thirteen feet tall. That's the only choice you have. You don't want to die, do you?"

"No."

"Good. I'll be back in half an hour for your decision." Flash! He was gone, but the folder with my name was still there.

"Well," I said to myself, "which is better? If I were thirteen feet tall I don't suppose anyone would give me much trouble. No one would beat me up or push me around much. But who, on the other hand, would push around a two-inch shrimp. No great problem there, but two inches *is* terribly puny. I wouldn't be able to open doors or get into a car or use a telephone or" I felt a moment of panic and almost decided definitely in favor of being tall. Then an image of a thirteen-foot freak trying to get into a car flashed across my mind. Another thought struck me. "If I were thirteen feet tall," I imagined, "how could I take a bath? What clothes could I wear?" Then I imagined myself two inches tall. "My mother could sew me a little robe," I reasoned, "and I wouldn't have to spend a fortune on clothes." I was just beginning to favor being small. "I would hardly eat a thing. A jar of baby food would last me a month." I cringed at the thought of how much it would cost to feed a teenage giant.

By this point I was beginning to develop a clear idea of the importance of size. Being tiny or huge each had its disadvantages. A tiny person, for instance, would always need other people to do simple things for him, such as opening doors, or helping him into a car, or carrying him upstairs. A giant wouldn't be able to go to many of the places an ordinary person could. For example, a person thirteen feet tall would have trouble fitting into an elevator or getting into a small room, and no matter how careful he was, he would constantly be causing acci-

dents and breaking things not designed for his great size.

I finally decided, however, that since both had nearly the same number of disadvantages, I should try to determine which, if either, had the most advantages. After thoughtful consideration I arrived at a number of helpful observations. The tiny person can be thought of as a *subset* of his environment. He can enjoy and participate in at least a small part of nearly every phase of culture. He can receive nearly all the stimuli from his environment, although often not to the fullest possible extent. The giant, on the other hand, is a *superset* of the environment. He can be involved in only a limited part of his surroundings. He can experience fewer things, and to a lesser extent, than the normal person. Because of his size, his participation in the environment is restricted, while the tiny person's participation is merely impaired. If I were thirteen feet tall, for instance, I might never be able to attend another chemistry lab. But if I were two inches tall, I would at least be able to attend, even if only as an observer.

I was inventing similar examples when my strange guest returned. "Have you decided yet?" he enquired jovially, his eyes sparkling in anticipation.

"Oh yes, I suppose. I've decided I would rather be" but he had apparently read my mind, for he disappeared before I finished speaking. Hoping I had made the better choice, and resigning myself to fate, I climbed down from my pillow.

Role of the Student Rebel

ERIC LEWIS

Recent crises on the campuses of America's universities have revealed that one of the major problems confronting education is the need to define the role of the student in its administration. The nation's newspapers and periodicals have been describing and analyzing the causes and effects of the recent upheavals for some time, and the seriousness of the situation, characterized by the Columbia outbreak in April of 1968, has brought out innumerable essays, poems, and books on the subject. Though many authors, essayists, commentators, and journalists have sided with the students on numerous issues, there are a great many who maintain that these student rebels are no more than children, displaying immature anger that is naturally inherent in the young. It is this kind of simplistic reasoning by such men as George F. Kennan, Sidney Hook, and Jacques Barzun that places undue pressure on the widening generation gap.

In his article, "Rebel Without a Program,"¹ George F. Kennan inaccurately and unjustly attacks the student activists. He questions the sincerity of their demands by condemning their methods and their "life style." A fervent believer in moderation (whatever the cause), Kennan questions the value of "passion" in their protests. He builds much of his argument around the blanket statement that student activists "lack interest in the creation of any real style and distinction of personal life generally." As "proofs" he specifies their lack of manners, untidiness, disinterest in "personal hygiene," and refusal to culti-

vate "amenities"; on the side, he "suspects" their love lives, like their politics, to be "tense, anxious, defiant, and joyless." Such generalities, founded on highly inaccurate stereotypes, are nothing but the slander of a whole generation.

Sidney Hook does little better in his article about Columbia, "The Prospects of Academe,"² by equating the emotionalism of the protesters with irrationalism. He says that the students "had no grievances" and were interested solely in "violence, obscenity, and hysterical insult." He goes on to describe the "callow and immature adolescents" as they attacked the pristine "citadel of learning." In the end, Hook ironically states that "there are some things one should not be moderate about"; the students say the same—that it is acceptable to be passionately involved in protest—while Hook means it is acceptable to be passionate only against those who are passionately involved in protest.

Jacques Barzun goes the furthest in distorting the lives and the rationale of the student activists. He "describes" the students, states the "real" issues and presents his own resolutions.³ First, Barzun excuses the young on the grounds that they have an inherent anger that must somewhere find an outlet. He goes on to say that students object to the impersonality of the university and to parietal rule because "the rules have relaxed too much rather than they have

¹ *New York Times Magazine*, January 21, 1968, pp. 22-23.

² *Encounter*, August 1968, pp. 60-66.

³ *The American University: How It Runs, Where It Is Going* (New York: Harper and Row, 1968).

relaxed too little;"⁴ "students starve for structure, desperate to be introduced to the rigors of logic." His answer to this problem amounts to a university of sterility, "a place of respite and meditation," a Christian catacomb, free from the youth he finds so distasteful, with their "indifference to clothes and cleanliness, a distrust and neglect of reasoning . . . a freedom in sexuality, which is really a lowering of its intensity and value . . . and—most symptomatic—a free field given to the growth of hair." He further slanders the students with such statements as, "the undergraduates cheat a lot on exams and papers; they obtain money by stealing books from college bookstores; they keep library books out as long as they like and fines go unpaid; they deny their roommates the slightest considerations; students of both sexes live pig-style in their dormitories."⁵ Such gross untruths as these serve only to worsen the lack of communication.

What are the issues that these and other writers insist the student rebels care little about? They are at the base of education and freedom in America. Not only are the rebels concerned with educational freedom—the relevance of required curriculum, classroom format, the power of student government, the campus social restrictions—but they direct their "passions" toward national and world problems. Their protests stretch beyond the value of lectures, grading, examinations, beyond that impersonalization of the university which Nietzsche called "the advancement of learning at the expense of man."⁶ The "childish irrationalism" of the student activist also focuses on such issues as the immorality of war and the injustices

of racism, elements which the activists feel are more relevant than, for instance, the nature of physical fitness.

At Columbia last year, for example, the issue was two-fold: the university's role in the community (specifically whether Columbia should be allowed to take away Harlem public park land), and whether the university should be affiliated with the warfare research of the IDA (Institute for Defense Analyses). Concern in such issues can hardly be called childish; emotionalism here can hardly be called irrational but should, instead, be expected. What Barzun, Kennan, and Hook fail to see is that moderation can be a form of paralysis, even of immorality, like the moderate protest of Pope Pius XII against the extermination of the Jews.

If Barzun and others criticize the student activists, they are criticizing the most sensitive, most intelligent minority on the American campus. In a study conducted by Stanford's Nevitt Sanford, activist students were shown to have scored higher in a wide variety of personality tests, including theoretical skills, aesthetic sensitivity, degree of psychological autonomy, and social maturity. They also maintained consistently higher grade-point averages than the non-activists. In a similar study at the University of Chicago, Richard A. Flacks, Professor of Psychology, arrived at comparable results. Both feel that student activism is a response to social conditions within both the university and the world at large.

The American university is today in desperate need of reform such as that sought by the student activists. The educational institution is being run to produce and transmit information, to manufacture knowledge to feed to its automatons. According to Martin Duberman, few professors take any interest in their students and refuse to engage more than a small part of themselves. Expression of originality is not encouraged;

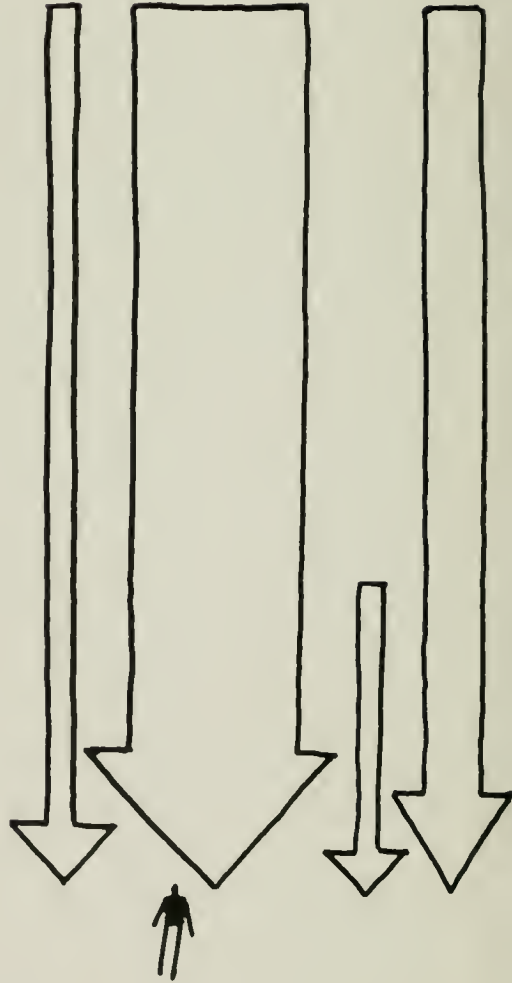
⁴ Cited in Martin Duberman, "On Misunderstanding Student Rebels," *The Atlantic Monthly*, November 1968, p. 65.

⁵ Duberman, p. 66.

⁶ Duberman, p. 68.

as Barzun says, "The teacher is the possessor and arbiter of truth." The curriculum is rigid, the atmosphere impersonal, the faculty self-serving, self-justifying, self-enclosed. It is no wonder, then, that students reject the university in demonstrations and turn elsewhere for the enhancement of life such an institution cannot offer. They seek it "in talk and games with friends, in films, clothes, . . . the lyrics of Bob Dylan, in the Doors, in pot and in acid."⁷ There is an urgency here; the Kennans and the Hooks and Barzuns must sit up from their reclining chairs and take a closer look at the real student rebel.

⁷ Duberman, p. 68.



An Invitation From the Staff

The Green Caldron publishes creative and expository writing, both prose and poetry, and offers space for graphics and non-verbal forms generally. The staff encourages interested university writers and artists to submit material for possible publication. Material may be left at either the *Green Caldron* office, room 217b English Building, or the main office of the English Department, room 100. Permission-to-publish slips are available at each of these locations. Although contributors may reclaim art work, all written material becomes the property of *The Green Caldron* and cannot be returned unless specific arrangements are made.

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THE GREEN CALDRON

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ity of style, its internal contradictions in melody, and a
zing, swaying tensions, was apparent.
Then came the assault. Trucks mounted with rows of spot
ch suddenly lit up crawled into the park like multi-eyed b
lowing them came vans spewing choking gas from tentacle-li
finally came the police and the infantry, with gas masks

The Green Caldron is published each October and February by the Rhetoric Staff of the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. Material is chosen from contributions submitted by university writers and artists. Permission to publish is obtained for full compositions, including those published anonymously. Parts of compositions, however, may be published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

Members of the committee in charge of *The Green Caldron* are Rosemarie Abendroth, Harold Blair, Marsha McCreadie, Philippe Perebinosoff, Donald Rude, Harold Walsh, and Mel Storm, editor.

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PUBLISHED BY THE R. F. COLWELL PRINTING CORP.
CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF
COLLEGE WRITING

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Volume 38, Number 2
Spring, 1970
University of Illinois at
Urbana-Champaign



Chicago lies stretched out along the shores of Lake Michigan like a man basking in the Midwestern sun. In August, the sun squeezes the sweat out of the Loop businessmen, who, in keeping with the cold tradition of the Windy City, go about with their coats on; at night, the breeze changes, or develops as the case may be, and the city fans itself in relative coolness.

The last days of the August of 1968 sent the city into a sprawling fever. On the twenty-fifth of that month the inescapable night set in violently and the city entered the nightmarish world of confused reality. The lake breezes came, but the heat took no notice.

The Democratic Party was holding its convention, while troops of others held their paraconvention. The closeness of two such extremes in political polarity indicated trouble. The military was called in, not to protect all but to protect the thesis, while the antithesis gathered in the parks. The people in the parks sang songs, smoked some grass, and listened to the speakers; the military affixed bayonets.

The whimsy-music of a flute pirouetted in the air but could only be heard when the tide of human voices stilled. For when the tide came in and when its strange and clashing harmonies roared, nothing else mattered. This is what the people were there for: to display their harmony, their unity, which, for all its oddity of style, its internal contradictions in melody, and its buzzing, swaying tensions, *was* apparent.

Then came the assault. Trucks mounted with rows of spotlights which suddenly lit up crawled into the park like multi-eyed

behemoths. Following them came vans spewing choking gas from tentacle-like hoses. And finally came the police and the infantry, with gas masks making their faces goggle-eyed and distorted. The two armies met, one a vast, mobile, weapon-arrayed division and one sitting.

Inside the bar, patrons stared at the television with sullen eyes that were glazed with liquor and watched the flickering illusions of what was happening only yards away in the park. No one looked out the window. While they watched and sipped, the park dissolved and was replaced by a scene equally frantic—a surgeon's-eye view of the bowels of the Amphitheater. The commentator pointed out where several important arteries lay, where several deep incisions had been made, and where the supposed cancer had set in. All this and more was shown the barroom freshmen, who were bewildered by these new found complexities in man's anatomy.

The scene quickly narrowed and focused itself on the mayor of the city, who had just sprung from his chair like a king whose throne has just been denounced as excrement. His upward flung fist thundered a denial. (Strangely enough, that was the very gesture used by the street people.) At this point, the doctor-commentators quibbled; some called him the cancer and others the cure begun to work. The analysts began to analyze and then, in turn, were analyzed by others. After all was said, they agreed that, indeed, night had fallen and that the temperature in the sweltering city was still hot. Nothing more.

TERENCE PITTS

The Historical Background of the Cinderella Legend

ALLEN HOFFMAN

MENGAEL, CINDERELLA B. (1143-?), historical peasant girl who rose to be bride of the somewhat sketchy figure of Leon, Prince of Wimor, a land that today cannot be definitely identified,¹ either because of military domination at some later period, or because of some unknown act of nature.² Her life is divided into two basic periods, the first lasting until approximately 1162, which is the year agreed upon by most authorities as that of her marriage to Leon. In the first period, her mother having died in childbirth and her re-married father having passed away in a plague, she was fostered by her step-mother and three sisters, Margue, Herna, and Zephelin,³ all of rather

¹ Buxtehude, in *Wimor: A Lost Continent?*, trans. Hopkins (1911), pp. 403-406, identifies the nation with that of Carlos, opposing the stand taken by Freiglen (*Essays on Vanished Civilizations*, I, 741-793) that it was not at all affiliated with Carlos, but rather with a certain island north of Great Britain.

² What is, therefore, actually known about Cinderella is derived from the handing down of historical records through essentially untraceable channels. In fact, all information about Wimor comes to us in this way.

³ A fourth sister, Hanopore, or Haneperis (O.E.) is claimed by some to have existed (Cf. Carson, *History of Leon*, II, 567-598; Helewick, *Wimor*, pp. 39-41.).

deviant behavior, who deprived the girl of education, compelled her to semi-slave labor, restricted her to the dwelling, and reportedly inflicted physical injuries upon her.

It is known from research done by a monk of the latter 16th Century, Karl von Otelstadt, that the meeting of the prince with Cinderella occurred at a certain ball held, probably, in one of the royal mansions.⁴ How so abject a young woman could make an appearance at a royal festivity, however, is unknown; for evidence has it that on the very day of that festivity, Cinderella was seen by a scholar, one Hemir of Gant, disposing of the cinders from the household fireplace.⁵ Therefore, a change in her must have occurred within hours, but we have no real, concrete facts concerning the metamorphoses necessary for such environmen-

tal transition.⁶ All that we know for certain is that Cinderella did appear at the ball not as a peasant, but, rather, suited for the occasion, and that she and Leon were mutually attracted. Leon, at some point in the evening, discovered that she was gone, but that she had left one of the glass slippers she had been wearing. He subsequently initiated a search for the woman who could fit into that shoe. Many tried to fulfill the requirement, and many even endeavored, unsuccessfully, to alter the physical dimensions of their feet. Finally Cinderella, having fitted her foot to the slipper, was acknowledged its rightful owner. The couple were married, and were still reigning when the last recorded event in Wimor took place.⁷

⁶ It might be noted here that, according to Hamen in *Magical Metamorphoses and Mystical Miracles* (1847), pp. 1-9, native legend attributed this change to the help of a so-called "fairy queen," with whose aid the girl was transformed into a clean, beautifully attired object of love. The legend goes on to claim that a coach was also provided by this "queen," as well as a pair of glass slippers (which in reality, the girl did possess at the time of the ball). It further claims that she was required to return the coach by midnight, after which the coach would return to its previous state as, no less, a pumpkin. We

⁷ As could be expected, Hamen here seizes the opportunity to try to persuade his readers that they "lived happily ever after" (Op. cit. pp. 11-12).

⁴ Strat asserts that the ball, an annual harvest festival, was given in honor of Leon's uncle, Harold, in the feudal castle of John of Dover, not in Wimor at all. His reasoning, although shallow at times, nevertheless deserves consideration. For this, see *Doverian Hospitality and Feudal Cordiality in the 1160's*, pp. 643-49.

⁵ Hence the name Cinderella, by the way.

Wright Street

Wright Street. Eight o'clock A.M. People are moving to and from Places. People being collegiate in bells and high-heeled boots, people being intellectual with furrowed frowns and waving arms, blue-jeaned and bearded people striding along being liberal, tentative people being inconspicuous, proud people being admirable—masses of people whirling and eddying down the sidewalk. Then a heel catches ice in a shadowed corner. A slip. A jarring fall. A hasty pick-me-up-and-brush-me-off. No, I'm not bruised—but my role is.

BONNIE LEE BUTLER

Linwood Avenue

The crackling of flames fills the air. The heat, the searing heat spreads through my body setting it aflame. Doddering buildings crumble to cinder and dust; the crackling becomes a roar, the roar a triumphant cry, as hostilities, too long dormant, declare themselves. The fire's glow is reflected in the faces of those about me; its followers. Cheering faces, tear-stained faces, and embittered masks. Black faces. Firemen and police scurry about, frantically trying to solve the flames' unquenchable thirst. But with each stream of water the flames leap higher, now seeming to burn the sky itself.

CHARLES W. QUICK, JR.

Arrogance in *Arcopagitica*

MARILYN GUNDERSEN

In addition to his intellectual capability and his literary skill, John Milton, in his treatise to the Parliament of England, *Arcopagitica*, reveals himself to be a remarkably clever, arrogant, and superior man, as evidenced by the condescending tone he employs throughout. A combination of the very formal, elaborate style and the persuasiveness of his argument reveals the strength of Milton's belief in intellectual freedom and uncensored publication. Subtly blended with the sincerity of his conviction of the principle of freedom is a most amusing tone of mock respect for Parliament and of condescension for a group of men who he feels are without strong convictions and thus easily persuaded. Milton reveals this attitude not only in his direct address to and discussion of Parliament, but also in the type of argument he occasionally relies upon in support of his stand against censorship.

The very introduction of *Arcopagitica* seems to indicate that the members of Parliament, in the author's opinion, are childishly gullible and particularly vulnerable to flattery and praise. Milton's elaborate introductory address is rather artificial and hypocritical. (It may be argued that his style only seems artificial in comparison with today's simpler and more direct approach, yet it hardly seems plausible that Milton could be sincere in his eloquently expressed admiration for a group that is subjecting its people to the tyrannical law of censorship.) In direct appeal to their weakness for flattery, Milton refers to the "faithful guidance and undaunted wisdom" of Parliament. He then cleverly assumes a seemingly apologetic and humble tone, combined with a bit of flattery, when he begins:

If I should thus far presume upon the meek demeanor of your civil and gentle greatness, Lords and Commons, as what your published order hath directly said that to gainsay, I might defend myself with ease, if any should accuse me of being new or insolent, did they but know how much better I find ye esteem it to imitate the old and elegant humanity of Greece than the barbaric pride of a Hunnish and Norwegian stateliness.¹

His presumptuous manner of expression is an attempt to force Parliament to take the only reasonable course of action, that of "old and elegant humanity," rather than one of "barbaric pride."

Amidst all this profuse flattery and praise, Milton actually discusses the technique of "courtship and flattery," innocently denying the use of either while giving the impression of complete honesty and openness. He acquits himself of such a charge by claiming that he is merely stating the facts of the situation on the basis of an objective observation and appraisal:

For he who freely magnifies what hath been nobly done, and fears not to declare as freely what might be done better, gives ye the best covenant of his fidelity, and that his loyalest affection and his hope waits on your proceedings. His highest praising is not flattery, and his plainest advice is a kind of praising . . . (p. 3).

This statement in fact gives an aura of nobility and goodness to Milton's attack, which is made, by his eloquent language, to appear as a compliment to Parliament. By his continual use of flattery, combined with denials of his use of such an under-

¹ John Milton, *Arcopagitica and Of Education*, ed. George H. Sabine (New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., 1951), pp. 3-4. Hereafter cited parenthetically in the text.

handed device, Milton attempts to lull the receptive minds of the men into a state of unquestioning acquiescence.

Milton's flattery is so skillful that what appears to be a polite suggestion may really be more akin to an ultimatum:

If ye be thus resolved, as it were injury to think ye were not, I know not what should withhold me from presenting ye with a fit instance wherein to show both that love of truth which ye eminently profess, and that uprightness of your judgment which is not wont to be partial to yourselves, by judging over again that Order which ye have ordained "to regulate printing . . ." (pp. 4-5).

Milton not only implies that in order to preserve their integrity, the members of Parliament had better reconsider their stand on censorship; he also portrays himself as being remarkably generous and magnanimous by providing Parliament with the opportunity to do so.

Another of Milton's argumentative devices is to emphasize the injustice and tyrannical basis of censorship. Relating its history in considerable detail, he states that the origin of book-licensing can be traced to "the most antichristian council and the most tyrannous inquisition that ever inquired" (p. 13). He does not continue with a bitter attack upon Parliament; instead, he leaves it to the individual members inwardly to assume the guilt of supporting so dictatorial and destructive a measure. In most contradictory terms, Milton points out that this terribly unjust and harmful law, a "disgraceful punishment" (p. 33), a "disesteem of every knowing person alive" (p. 32), has been accepted and applied by a Parliament which he earlier describes as a "mild and equal government" (p. 3), possessive of "faithful guidance and undaunted wisdom" (p. 2). Nevertheless, Milton must avoid the alienation of Parliament; thus, even when showing the close connection between Parliament and the Li-

censing Act, he stresses the innocence of the London lawmakers:

That ye like not now these most certain authors of this licensing order, and that all sinister intention was far distant from your thoughts when ye were importuned the passing it, all men who know the integrity of your actions, and how ye honor truth, will clear ye readily (p. 13).

Milton's sincerity in proclaiming Parliament's innocence of the significance and background of the licensing order is questionable. Combined with the suggestion that Parliament is incapable of assuming responsibility for its actions is his implication of the ignorance of its members, whom he denies to have any knowledge of the history of censorship.

Milton's ambiguous and distorted expression of the existing situation further implies, without explicitly defining, Parliament's guilt:

Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us; but you then must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us (p. 48).

His expressed faith in Parliament's goodness and the impossibility of its becoming "oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous," is a rather ambiguous compliment when one considers that at the very time of his statement Parliament is supporting and enforcing the very embodiment of tyranny, the licensing law.

In addition to his direct appeal to his audience, Milton, in support of his stand against censorship, sets forth a number of arguments, many of which are quite logical and worthy of serious consideration. However, interspersed among these more worthy explanations are several often exaggerated

and far-fetched comparisons and arguments, in each case clothed in a most formal and serious style to make them appear credible. In relating the history of book-licensing, Milton describes the actual process of the law's application in this manner:

Sometimes five imprimaturs are seen together, dialogue-wise, in the piazza of one title-page, complimenting and ducking each to other with their shaven reverences, whether the author, who stands by in perplexity at the foot of his epistle, shall to the press or to the sponge (p. 12).

Milton makes a complete mockery of what to Parliament is an important legislative activity.

Milton proposes several extreme examples of exaggeration in his attempt to convince Parliament of the danger and uselessness of censorship. To illustrate its tyrannical nature, he applies the principle of censorship to all aspects of life, thus making the whole idea appear absurd. In another example, he elevates the value of

the book to an extreme degree in order to stress the dangers of the licensing law:

Unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kill reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye (p. 6).

Seen in these terms, the potential danger of the licensing law makes its very existence seem foolhardy, for who would attempt to enforce a law which may possibly "kill the image of God."

That Milton is speaking down to his audience, and that he looks upon the members of Parliament as insipid, vain, and gullible, is apparent from the several passages pointed out. In seriously presenting an effective and thought-provoking case against censorship, he skillfully adds a tongue-in-cheek comment on his concept of Parliament, revealing as he does so his arrogant, condescending attitude and a sharp and clever sense of humor.

Colleges are the major cause of campus disorder.

* * *

Sex is on the brains of all college males, but it is the girl's obligation to control these desires. We on the fourth floor have just begun to prove this.

* * *

Consider a student at any university which has always been taught to avoid liquor.

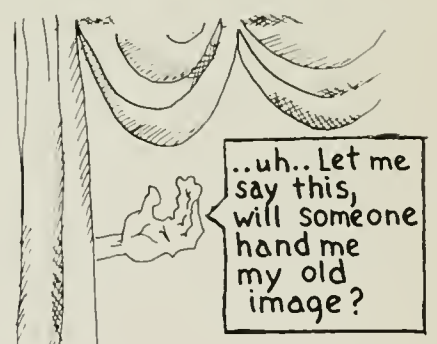
GRIM FAIRY TALES DEPT.

Hey gang! It's story time again as THE GREEN CALDRON presents

THE EMPEROR'S NEW IMAGE

written and
illustrated by:
Peggy Cederstrom





RC
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60.0

Model

and there atop the kitchen counter
outlined
yet transparent in waist-high body stockinette
she poses.
ribbons of brandy silk lie unravelled
across her shoulder.
left arm extended upward symbolically clutching
an eight ounce glass of grade A
fortified
whole
milk.
Her protruding ribs straining in vain
to burst out of their luscious confinement of innocent flesh.
and the subtle expression of her smiling breast—
so innoxious in ghastly white—
asks why such a self-portrait stance
is permissible only for the
quotation mark mannequins frozen in the display case.
surely her very sinew and bone are not
Hidden Secrets to be shielded from a caressing eye now
and examined in detail at her embalmmnt.
slight muscle tremors and a temporary balance loss.
stockinette wrinkles in the groin
and her left knee bends
upsetting the container of homogenized Mother Nature
over chairs and dusty linoleum
her thin tight lips begin to tremble
nervous sweat
and twitching spasms of muscle fibers
she lowers herself and steps
off her platform.
all forced composure and poise she forgets.
yet her intrinsic spine and delicate breasts
never cease.
is it fashionable for mannequins to sip milk?

PAUL PINZARRONE

The Long Journey Home

It was four o'clock in the morning and I was making the long journey home from Quincy. My girl had been asleep since we left, so there wasn't anyone to talk to, and my conscious thinking hardly seemed to exist any more. The constant hum of the worn out old Chevy and the endless white lines that seemed to appear out of nowhere on the highway were the only things I could concentrate on. And even that took effort. As I rounded a curve into a long stretch of road I thought I saw a red light in the distance, but it disappeared almost as soon as it had appeared, so I didn't bother to think about it. And I drove on for a while. Time wasn't a part of me or the night. Suddenly the light I had seen appeared again, but now it was a myriad of red lights, continually flashing. I pulled the car off the road and walked slowly toward them. In the eerie light I could see people crowded around a smashed and twisted heap of metal. I saw the opened mouth of a person who was being pulled and separated from the wreckage, but I could not hear the scream. My girl said something to me, but I could not hear her. All I could do was see—the lights, the cars, the uniformed men, the torn bodies, the blood, the unrecognizable faces. Surely there was some way I fit into this, some way I could help. But there wasn't. I turned and walked slowly back to the car. The rest of the trip home was the same—the hum of the old Chevy engine, the endless white lines.

MARK HUDSON

ROAD-MARCH

CARNIVAL



"Well, ah yo' lissen.
Carnival ain far yo' know.
Ah got to go bill meh booth in preparation
Fo' de jump up celebration.
Ah hear it gon' be our biggest spree ever
Wid de mocko jumbi, aliens and continentals."

On a pencil dot in the Caribbean Carnival comes
Like a legitimate mass orgy.
The tourist-trodden automobile-jammed part
of town shakes as

The sun beats down
And the peoples' skin cries pleasure sweat.
Island scratch-band music screeches to
Uncontrolled laughter—rowdy raucous,
As kalaloo suckling pig fry boil fish paté
And fungi/souse taste scent through the scene.

"Wid de steelban' just aroun' de corna,
Meh son, y'un gon' tramp?
A gah big t'ing tonight down by De Bamboushay and De Hide-Away;
Ah only gon' go if Archie take meh.
Lately ah been secin' him avoidin' meh
Spending all he money up on Island Girl Audrey foolishly.
Ah gon' fill yo' in on de latest gossip, de hottest meleé,
Buh first let's watch de parade from De Waterfront."

The rough waters scintillate with the sun
splinter diamonds
Which glitter the smooth blue-green waters—
All reflect the land festivities.
Exotic drinks in the steaming sun heat
Seduce the dark clouds—drizzle!
Miss Carnival runs from her open throne to
cindered shelter,
While street people rush back streets, and
Shoot up alleys for 48-hours-a-day nightclubs.
Whirlwinds swish the swirling grass skirts
And clash with kicked beer cans and liquor bottles
in the potpourri of accent tongues.
Panting laughter ends the wet dream magic,
Midnight appears and the people say
"Next year Bacchanal will rise again."

"Good lawd, Archie gon' ga another chile this Carnival. He done garn and full up Audrey, pumping on her, out of her he own image. Come Matilda, mahn, let's lissen to Archie brag about he latest doings. Ah hear he goin' make ah calypso from it, and it gon' be de road-march on de other island. Maybe he mighten be aroun' next Carnival. Look mahn, see de singing about it already:"

Island Girl Audrey
She don' wear no panty
All about de country
Looking for Elmer Gantry.

12 o'clock ah night
she rapped on meh door.

Ah heard her sing

Ah wahn go home in de marnin' gimme piece
of fish I am feeling fishable.
Ah wahn go home in de marnin' gimme piece
of flesh I am feeling fleshable.
Ah wahn go home in de marnin' gimme piece
of do I am feeling doable.

So we went by de beach
She went in
And ah went in afta.
I'll never forget
Everything was set
She told meh yeah, she told meh no
She told meh no, no, no, no, no, no, yeah.

Well then, it was fire fire
In meh wire wire
Ah, ya yi, ah ya yi
Hol' she in ah corna and stuck in meh bonana
Ah ya yi, ah ya yi.

Now she making wedding plans
Out ah obeah pot
Carryin' meh name to voodoo man.

RAYMOND JOSEPH

Mrs. Curry-Worry

POLLY BRUBAKER

"Aye, me mum, not doing so well today," said the tiny woman as she moved quickly around the large institution kitchen. "I can be glad I 'ave me own good 'ealth so I can go and 'elp 'er. Not doing well at all today. And me Joe, in bed again today. And me Judy, no 'elp to me. Always off to work."

The woman speaking was named Mrs. Curry. She was very small for her five feet. She probably weighed less than eight stone. She was not what anyone would call pretty, and one guessed she never had been. She had the kind of looks that make you imagine that when she was a young woman her mother's friends would say a bit condescendingly, "She's got a nice personality," or with a suggestion of pity in their tone, "She's pleasant to be around."

Her appearance did not change favorably as she grew older. Men's looks sometimes do. A young fellow who isn't particularly good-looking will be transformed into a "distinguished gentleman" with a bit of silver hair at the temples. Mrs. Curry had the silver hair all right, but one certainly couldn't call her "distinguished." Her pores were very large, and though she was only a proper bag of bones her cheeks were saggy. She wore National Health glasses with the clear plastic frames. Mrs. Curry must have gotten them long before. The nose piece and wings were quite yellowed and in some places even a bit pink. Because of the lens prescription her eyes appeared even smaller than they actually were.

She was very pale, not because she had poor health, but because she was never outside when the sun was shining. But then, lots of people in the west country were that way. Only the children had pink in their complexions, and that was due to the cold, wet wind, not sunshine.

Mrs. Curry's smock was drawn loosely at her waist; yet it was readily apparent

that the body inside it was slight. Two skinny bow-legs appeared from the midcalf down, below the smock's hemline. She was even a bit pigeon-toed, some of the domestics would say. But she walked so quickly that it was hard to know. She walked faster than some of the others could run. Her legs in motion looked like the wheels of a coach going 'round, and one could well imagine a small cloud of dust being kicked up where she darted about.

She did everything at one speed—double-time. Washing windows, walls, floors, dishes, everything doubletime. She was the fastest dishwasher you could imagine. The other domestics who worked in the kitchen all said that Mrs. Curry washed the dishes so fast that she didn't get them clean. But that wasn't true. Mrs. Curry was quick and thorough; and she got the dishes clean. The grumblers, the ones who didn't work as fast, were the ones responsible for the egg left on the fork prongs and the greasy cup handles. When these things were pointed out to them they would disgustedly snibble, "That Mrs. Curry, humpf," even if their hands were still in the dishwater.

"Mrs. Curry-Worry" some called her, and it did seem to suit her. "Oh, 'eaven's above," Mrs. Curry would say when someone called her that, and then laugh and laugh as though it were a clever joke. She would have a few moments laughter every morning because Mrs. Watson would say, "Guhmornin', Mrs. Curry-Worry. What's the news of the world?" Then they'd each laugh. Both women had been working in the institution for seventeen years and had started each day in this manner for all seventeen of them.

"Did you read in the *News* that story about Jackie?" Mrs. Curry said as she walked quickly across the kitchen and began running water in the sink for the morning's

dishes. "It was just 'orrible, terrible. By the children's nurse. She said . . . It was just terrible." Steam coming from the hot water tap had fogged Mrs. Curry's glasses. She took them off and wiped them hurriedly with the dish drying cloth. "It said that she nearly drove 'er 'usband to bankruptcy, but 'e wouldn't deny 'er anything." Though she said this fast, there was a bit of a reverent pause when she said "Jackie."

"Sstt, oh, really," said Mrs. Watson, "HMMMMM."

"That's what it said in the *News*. A confidential interview with the children's nanny," Mrs. Curry went on. "And isn't it simply terrible about 'er marrying again?"

"Ow's Judy?" asked Mrs. Watson, inquiring about Mrs. Curry-Worry's only child.

"She watched bonny Prince Charlie on the telly last night. I think she's got a special shine for 'im. She thinks 'e's. . . Now what word did she say? . . . Oh, I'll think of it. . . ." Mrs. Curry looked puzzled. Even though she was deep in thought her hands were moving quickly washing and rinsing dishes.

"I see. Unmm huhmm," said Mrs. Watson. One wondered if she even listened to Mrs. Curry. She seemed lost in her own oblivion. She was humming to herself; yet she appeared polite.

"Mature," Mrs. Curry said a bit loudly. "That's what Judy called bonny Prince Charles. Mature." A genuine smile had come over Mrs. Curry's countenance. She even paused a second from her dish washing, then started up again double-time and said, "Oh, yes, me Judy thinks 'e's proper special. A 'andsome young prince. We should all be proud of 'im. 'E'll make a fine king, Judy said, because 'e's mature." Mrs. Curry smiled to herself again. "Yes, me

Judy's got quite a shine for 'im, Charles, she 'as."

"Oh, really. I see," said Mrs. Watson as she walked across the room to dry the dishes. Up until this time she had just been sitting on a stool in the kitchen doing nothing.

"What you having for dinner tonight, Mrs. Curry? Curry?" said Mrs. Watson, and they both laughed.

"Mrs. Curry. Curry!" laughed Mrs. Curry. This was another of their favorite *clever* jokes. It never seemed old for them, especially for Mrs. Curry.

"I can't make curry, you know," she said. "But in two years me Joe and me'll be 'aving our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. I plan for us to go to a restaurant and order a big pot of curry with all the white rice you can imagine. I'm planning that for me Joe and me." These plans were not unknown to Mrs. Watson. Mrs. Curry had talked about the night at *the* restaurant before.

"Now, do you know what, Mrs. Curry?" said Mrs. Watson. "This morning the bloke that delivers our milk asked me what I thought of socialism." It was unusual for Mrs. Watson to put any expression into her voice but she noticeably raised her pitch when she came to the word 'socialism.'"

"Aye," said Mrs. Curry, as though she were pronouncing a long word.

"Before six in the morning this bloke, you know Mr. Sealy's son that goes to university, wants to talk about socialism."

"Aye," said Mrs. Curry, washing six dishes for every one that Mrs. Watson dried.

"'There's a smart bloke,' Hubert said when I told him," said Mrs. Watson sliding back into her quietly uninteresting voice, as she told Mrs. Curry what her husband had said.

"And what did you say about soc-i-al-ism?" asked Mrs. Curry. She pronounced the word slowly, by syllables, as though she were unfamiliar with it.

"I didn't say anything at six in the morning. Just bid him thanks and asked for some fresh butter—extra," said Mrs. Watson. She had stopped drying dishes, although there were still plenty left on the drainboard, and had found her way across the kitchen to the stool again.

Mrs. Curry paused for a moment, too. She leaned on the thin ledge that separated the double sink: she was looking intently at some point in space. "Soc-i-al-ism," she whispered faintly to herself, pronouncing it with the same slow accuracy as before "Soc-i-al-ism." Her facial expression changed for an instant like the flicker of a candle flame before it goes out. "Com-mun-ism," she whispered a bit more audibly than before, and with the same slow accuracy.

She turned to where her friend was sitting. "Which one's the bad one, soc-i-al-ism or com-mun-ism?" asked Mrs. Curry, obviously puzzled. Mrs. Watson didn't act as if she had heard the question. She didn't answer. Mrs. Curry's face retained the thoughtful expression a moment more, then she started washing the cutlery, three forks at a time.

Mrs. Watson got up and walked back to the drainboard. Rather than dry the dishes she decided to put away the ones she had already dried. She began very monotonously to stack plates, saucers and cups on a tray.

They worked in silence for a while. Mrs. Curry, far ahead of Mrs. Watson, finished washing the dishes. She got a fresh drying cloth and began to help dry the huge mound of steaming dishes that were still stacked on the drainboard. Mrs. Curry could dry

dishes even faster than she could wash them, so it wouldn't be long before they would be ready for their other morning work.

"I've been reading the advert's'ments. I got me Joe reading 'em, too. Either this Sunday or the one after they're supposed to 'ave another special program at that church downtown. It was marvelous last time. I'm going to get me Joe to come with me this time. It's at a bad time—six-thirty Sunday night—but I'm going to get me Joe to come, too." Mrs. Curry went right on talking even though no one was listening. She just enjoyed remembering things and talking about them to herself. And Mrs. Watson was content to let her, so Mrs. Curry went right on, undiscouraged by the circumstance.

"I sat in the last row, because I'm not a member of that church. Joe and me go to the parish church in the village—even though me Joe doesn't like the vicar—you know. Well, in walks this bloke about thirty. Real sharp, you know." Mrs. Curry was getting so involved in the memory that she was drying dishes as slowly as Mrs. Watson. "'E 'ad black wavy 'air, combed real nice and one of those little, clipped moustaches. 'E was gorgeous, with that wavy 'air." She paused as though she had forgotten what she was talking about, but quickly picked up the thread again. "'E was wearing a satin cape that came down to the floor, of the deepest midnight blue . . . and there were gold stars on the cape and a moon, you know, like a banana-shape, right here." Mrs. Curry marked the spot on her shoulder with her right hand.

"It was gorgeous, 'is cape was. The deepest midnight blue." Mrs. Curry savored the expression. She shuffled from side to side as though she were wearing the cape, and she could feel it swinging around her ankles. "The pulpit in the front of the church was covered with a cloth of satin in the deepest midnight blue, like 'is cape. And in the center of the table there was a crystal ball. 'E described what 'e saw in it. 'E was describing the outside of the church. I couldn't see anything. I wished I was sitting in the front row. I 'spect I wouldn't 'ave seen anything though. I don't 'ave the power, you know."

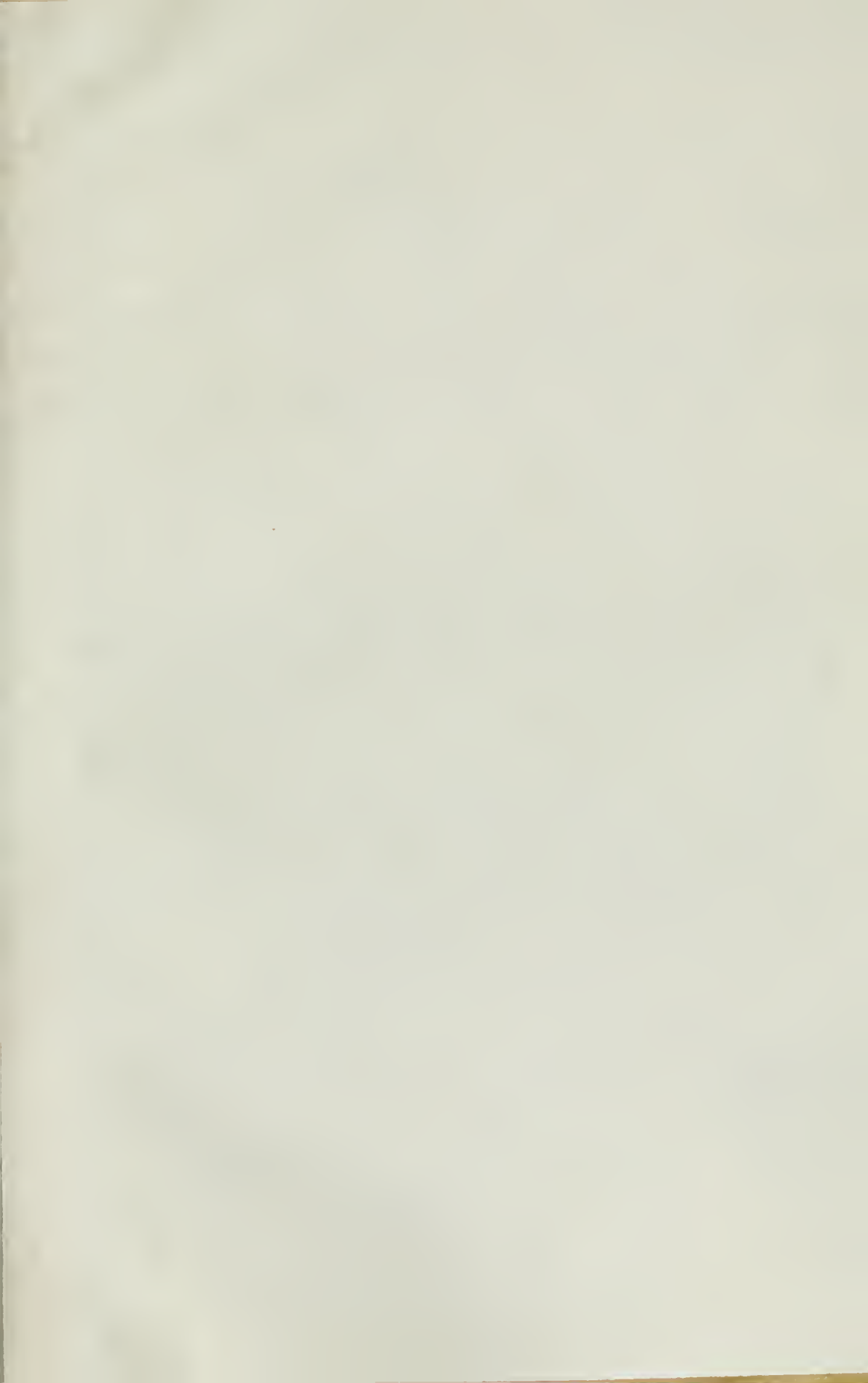
"Then 'e called some people to come up and 'e would tell 'em about their future. 'E just called members of the church. First, 'e asked 'em to give 'im something valuable that they 'ad with 'em. And 'e 'eld it close to 'is 'eart while 'e looked into the crystal ball. 'E knew everything about 'em. 'E was gorgeous. I thought that if 'e called me up to the front I would 'ave to give 'im me glasses. I wonder if they would do all right. I didn't 'ave anything else valuable with me." Here Mrs. Curry paused. "I keep watching the advert's'ments—maybe 'e'll come again soon."

"How's y'r mum?" asked Mrs. Watson absently.

As she stared out the window, still thinking of the gorgeous man with the wavy hair, Mrs. Curry said, "Oh, me mum's not doing well today. I'm thankful I 'ave me own good 'ealth, so I can go an' 'elp 'er. I'm going to see 'er on the way 'ome to-night and make 'er a cup'a before seeing me Joe."

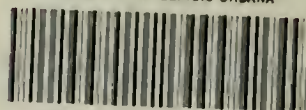
An Invitation From the Staff

The Green Caldron publishes creative and expository writing, both prose and poetry, and offers space for graphics and non-verbal forms generally. The staff encourages interested university writers and artists to submit material for possible publication. Material may be left at either the *Green Caldron* office, room 217b English Building, or the main office of the English Department, room 100. Permission-to-publish slips are available at each of these locations. Although contributors may reclaim art work, all written material becomes the property of *The Green Caldron* and cannot be returned unless specific arrangements are made.





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